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AT HER DOOR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CLIO STANLEY.

Singing gayly, singing, swinging,
Where the blue-bells bright are ringing,
Where the dimpled waves are springing
Up to meet the shore;
Where the tuneful winds are bringing
Echoes soft from bells low ringing,
Where the yellow birds are singing
At the open door;

There with cheeks red-ripe with blushes,
Brown hair bright with sunset flushes,
In and out among the thrushes
My wee maiden goes;
While the merry west-wind brushes
Her light locks, her light foot crushes
Leaf and flower; and evening hushes
All to soft repose.

O, to be thus sweetly sleeping,
With the low winds softly creeping,
And the waves forever keeping
Watch beside my door;
Grain all golden for the reaping,
Treasure unto treasure heaping,
Joys of joyful years' safe-keeping
Charm me nevermore!

MARK JARRETT'S DAISY.

THE WILD FLOWER OF HAZELBROOK.

BY PIERCE EGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK," "VIOLET; OR, THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE," &c.

WILFRED'S DISMISSAL FROM JARRETT'S GRANGE.

CHAPTER IV.

PLAYING AT CROSS PURPOSES.

Gabrielle Luttrell, after quitting her cousin, glided silently to the apartments of her aunt.

There was a smile upon her small red lips, and if there was not perfect serenity in her heart, there was not a ruffle—not a ripple of annoyance upon her features.

She found Mrs. Alvanley Rokeby just completing the purchase of a "flying leaper." A hunter which possessed all the requisites necessary, not only to take "fences" and "finches" of the severest and roughest character, but to keep up the rattling pace of the best trained pack of hounds in the kingdom during the continuance of a long run, with the scent lying as well as it possibly could.

There was an expression of triumph on the yet young and handsome face of Mrs. Alvanley Rokeby as Gabrielle joined her, and she heard her say, with unaffected self-gratulation—

"Mark Jarrett's Daisy triumphs over me no more."

Gabrielle glanced at her blooming aunt, who looked the very type of a beautiful Diana—in the attire of to-day, by the way—and her lip moved with a faint curl of contempt.

"Aunty, dear," she exclaimed, in her choicest silvery tones, "are you not afflicted with Mark Jarrett's Daisy on the brain?"

"I am afflicted with the conviction that I am second in an accomplishment in which it is my ambition to be first, Belle," she replied, with some little excitement; "and I will be first, I will reign supreme, Mark Jarrett's Daisy or a broken neck notwithstanding."

"Why concern yourself with a person—a creature—a nobody, like the young woman with a nickname?" inquired Gabrielle, with well-affected amazement.

"A nobody!" repeated Mrs. Alvanley, with a laugh of scornful derision. "Why, there is not a peer at the cover side who does not envy her reputation in the hunt."

"Of course, she shines as a horsewoman, that is undoubted," returned Gabrielle, cautiously, for she knew that it was tender ground to speak superciliously of feminine excellence in equestrianism in her aunt's hearing; "but, nevertheless, she *is* a very common person."

Mrs. Rokeby turned sharply to her niece, and with eyes that flashed brightly, she said—

"You have not seen her?"

"No," replied Gabrielle, raising her shoulders; and with a derisive smile, she added. "Further, I have a strong impression that I have no desire to do so."

"You will have, Belle," her aunt rejoined, in her turn, with a short, significant laugh.

"Wherefore, my sweet aunt?" she interrogated, with a show of real surprise.

She cared nothing for a reputation in the field, and she could not conceive why she should have the smallest inclination to see one whom she believed to be a florid, squat-built, robust, horsey girl.

"Well, upon one ground, if no other," returned Mrs. Rokeby, still laughing. "She has turned the brain of one of your admirers."

"One of my admirers," repeated Gabrielle, looking up with an assumed mystified look; "I did not know that I had one——"

"Who could be seduced from his allegiance by Mark Jarrett's Daisy," interposed Mrs. Rokeby, displaying her white teeth in a mocking way. "I will name one—the young Earl of Marston."

Gabrielle started, and a faint blue tinge overspread face and neck, yet she laughed.

"I fancied the Earl was too fastidious to admire me," she said, slowly; "but Mark Jarrett's Daisy—oh!" she added, contemptuously.

"Is the most charming, beautiful, lady-like, nymph-like girl I have ever seen," appended Mrs. Rokeby, with something like enthusiasm. "Why, she looks, as she flies over field and fallow, brook and hedge, the very incarnation of a spirit huntress—an elf, a fay, a hamadryad."

"Quite an enchantress," observed Gabrielle, whiter still, as Mrs. Rokeby paused to take breath.

"Quite," rejoined her aunt, quickly. "Even Colonel Waldron, cold, cynical, not easily touched, he professes, by female charms, confesses to her manifold attractions."

"Colonel Waldron!" exclaimed Gabrielle, in a sharper tone than was her wont.

There was, too, a lurid flash in her eye as she spoke. She turned her lip upward so as to exhibit her teeth.

"He, too, fascinated by this wonder?" she questioned, disdainfully.

It was rather evident that, though she affected coldness and imperturbability, she could feel, and keenly too.

Mrs. Rokeby seemed pleased to have moved her, for, glancing at her beneath her eyelashes, she subjoined—

"Fascinated as much as he is capable, I think, of being fascinated by a young and lovely girl. I have an impression that he knows more about her than he chooses to acknowledge. I heard him tell Marston that the Daisy was well educated and accomplished, as a kind of supplement to a confession the earl had made of having prowled in the immediate vicinity of Jarrett's Grange, and of being so fortunate as to hear the young lady sing divinely an *aria* out of a favorite opera."

Gabrielle appeared to be dazed by this information; but by an effort of self-control she displayed a degree of equanimity which did not quite assimilate with the emotion she had a moment before betrayed.

She, however, with a consciousness that she was driving a stab well home, observed, after a moment's silence—

"I presume this paragon includes in her train my Lord Belvoir?"

Mrs. Rokeby started, a crimson flush overspread her cheek, then a deadly paleness followed, for a stern voice close to them exclaimed, haughtily—

"What of Lord Belvoir?"

Both turned—Gabrielle as if affrighted; but she did not scream. She never screamed.

Before them stood Mr. Rokeby, looking pale and ill, and gloomy. He glanced from one to the other, and repeated his question in an almost fierce tone.

Mrs. Rokeby moved with an air of dignity to the window.

"Gabrielle mentioned the name, I did not," she responded, coldly.

Gabrielle drooped her eyelids, and in a soft, sweet, simple voice, that appeared to have nothing concealed beneath it, observed, as if in explanation—

"Oh, uncle, dear, you quite made my heart leap into my mouth. You tread so softly, and appear so abruptly, I shall be tempted to call you the Phantom of Fairholme Priors."

Her uncle regarded her steadfastly, without heeding her words, and repeated his question.

"You named Lord Belvoir. What of that man?"

"Nothing—nothing, I assure you, dear uncle. I used his name only on the very frailest assumption," she answered, in a subdued tone.

"What assumption?" pursued Mr. Rokeby, in the same stern manner.

"The truth is, aunty and I were speaking of a per—a young lady of whom I am sure you have never heard," returned Gabrielle, with what seemed to be childish candor, yet was consummate acting. "You are such a perfect recluse. You confine yourself to your library, and to your suite of apartments, so studiously that you cannot have the least knowledge of what is going on in the world without."

"You are speaking of Lord Belvoir. I request you, Gabrielle Luttrell, to repeat to me what use you were making of that man's name," persisted Mr. Rokeby, almost fiercely.

Mrs. Rokeby hummed a tune audibly as she stood gazing from the window. Gabrielle glanced at her uncle's face. She did not like the expression on it.

"I must tell you, uncle," she said, in a subdued voice, "that there has appeared in this neighborhood a young and beautiful creature—at least, aunty says she is; and you know that she is a very excellent judge of beauty. This damsel has taken swains of all kinds by storm, and I assumed that Lord Belvoir, who is devoted to the sports of the field, in which she shines a perfect marvel, must have fallen a victim to her extraordinary attraction, as a matter of course."

"What is her name?" demanded Mr. Rokeby, as if by no means satisfied with the reply.

"Jarrett is, I think, her not very musical patronymic," answered Gabrielle, with a glance at her aunt, who still stood at the window, tapping on one of the frames with the tips of thumbs and fingers.

"Jarrett," repeated Mr. Rokeby, staring at her as if the name had chilled him from head to foot.

"Yes, uncle, Mark Jarrett, of Jarrett's Grange, by the Hazelbrook. The fair maiden of the hunting-field is known as Mark Jarrett's Daisy. She is therefore, of course, his daughter."

It is impossible to describe the change which passed over Mr. Rokeby's frame while Gabrielle was speaking. He became a ghostly white, and a tremor seemed to pass over his limbs, and then to leave him a mere pillar of ice.

"Mark Jarrett!" he muttered, with tremulous huskiness. "Mark Jarrett! Mark Jarrett's Grange! Where—where does it stand?" he interrogated her, like one talking in his sleep.

"Oh, some miles from this," pursued Gabrielle, without observing the extraordinary alteration in his countenance and manner, for her thoughts were busy about herself and Colonel Waldron, Mark Jarrett's Daisy and the Earl of Marston. "It is a shocking old place, and there the man Jarrett lives with his daughter."

"His daughter—his daughter!" Mr. Rokeby repeated, vacantly. "What daughter? He has no child. I know that—I know that!"

"Who on earth is she, if not Mark Jarrett's child?" cried Gabrielle, a little excitedly. She was interested in the wondrous maiden turning out a *mauvais sujet*. "Aunty can enlighten us on the point. Do come here, there's a darling aunty. Uncle says that the extraordinary Wild Flower of Hazelbrook is not Mark Jarrett's daughter. What do you say?"

But aunty did not appear to hear her. She still stood gazing through the window-panes upon the broad glades and smooth slopes in the park without, and made no reply.

Mr. Rokeby turned an uneasy look upon her, and a grim expression passed over his features. He drew a deep breath, and then slowly moved towards her.

He addressed her in tones which betrayed rather painfully that some very strong feelings were at war with each other in his breast.

"You have seen in the hunting-field the Mark Jarrett of whom we have been speaking, Blanche?" he said, slowly.

She turned her face to his with an inquiring look.

"No," she answered, with unhesitating decision.

"You are quite sure?"

"Quite! He has never shown himself; but he has provided himself with a very remarkable substitute in the person of his daughter."

"It is impossible. He has no child," interposed Mr. Rokeby, vehemently.

"How know you, Alvanley"

"How do I know? How? Do you ask *me*?" Pressing his hand to his temple, as if seized with a sudden faintness, he added—"That is—this man may not be—one I had some knowledge of—in years—long past."

"This Mark Jarrett was formerly known as Jarrett of Chilgrove, I have heard," subjoined his wife.

A sound came from Mr. Rokeby's lips like a hoarse cry of pain, but he strove to keep down his inward agony with a strong effort.

He turned away and paced the room for a minute, then pausing abruptly before his wife, who was regarding him with a solicitous curiosity, he said, quickly—

"You do not know this from information acquired long since?"

"I was told so but recently," she answered, looking him firmly in the face.

"And the name of your informant?" he interrogated, quickly.

"Lord Belvoir," she replied, in clear, round tones.

A sound again escaped his lips as if she had stabbed him. He staggered back and clenched his hands.

"And you dare to repeat that name to me?" he exclaimed, with glittering eyes.

"To any one," she answered, with proud *hauteur*. "In front of the altar, where I stood with you—in the face of heaven, and before my son."

He pressed both his hands on his breast, as if to force down, not only the excruciating pain he was enduring, but to repress a thousand words that were struggling to obtain precedency of utterance.

Gabrielle, at the same time, as if with a view to avert a scene, although that was hardly her design, said, hastily—

"Oh, gracious! Aunty dear, Wilfred has returned to the Priors."

"When?" demanded Mrs. Rokeby, with extreme eagerness.

"He arrived late last night. He said that he walked over Black Down, was caught in a thunderstorm, and lost his way," responded Gabrielle. She glanced at Mr. Rokeby. "He looks so well and handsome, uncle, you will be quite proud of him," she added, with pretended verve.

Mr. Rokeby passed his hand over his forehead. Then he fixed his eyes on Gabrielle, and taking her hand, he said, in a voice of tenderness, very different to any he had yet used—

"His coming, Gabrielle, reminds me of a matter which should have occupied my attention some time since, but it shall not be permitted to remain in abeyance any longer. It is time, indeed, that I set my household in order. Where is Wilfred?"

"Ah, where is my pet, Willy?" repeated Mrs. Rokeby, with a light, joyous, ringing laugh. "He shall accompany me to the hunt next week; there will be a large field. He shall see the estimation in which his mother is held, and whether her name is not one which the proudest there delighteth to honor. He shall see—"

"Mark Jarrett's Daisy," abruptly suggested Gabrielle, sarcastically.

A scarlet flush mounted to the brow of Mrs. Rokeby. The sarcasm had touched her on a tender place. In her turn her lip curled scornfully.

"He *shall* see Mark Jarrett's Daisy," she said, with a kind of bitter emphasis. "He shall see her in all her beauty, in all her brightness, in the full tide of her pride, and he shall see her pride, at last, have its fall."

"This is mere madness," cried Mr. Rokeby, with passionate vehemence. "Where is Wilfred?"

"I left him in the primrose room at breakfast. I told him, aunty dear, that I would come hither and apprise you of his arrival," replied Gabrielle.

"As you have done with all the enthusiasm of a *fiancée*, eh, Belle," rejoined Mrs. Rokeby, with a very peculiar look at her.

"As a *fiancée*" repeated Mr. Rokeby, rapidly, to himself. "Ay, it is well thought of."

He rang a bell sharply, and a footman appeared to answer it at the expiration of the usual quarter of an hour, and after his master had rung for him four times at least, the last time almost breaking the bell-wire.

"Send Mr. Wilfred to me—here," exclaimed Mr. Rokeby angrily.

"Mr. Wilfred are hout for a ride, sir," replied the footman, with elevated eyebrows and closed eyelids.

"Out for a ride!" repeated all three, with amazement.

"Where has he gone?" demanded Mr. Rokeby.

"Kant say, sir," answered the footman, in a mellow voice; "bet Tibshelf Tart, the tchiny groom, who a-tended Mr. Wilfred, have hem beck a-loan."

"Send him to me instantly," interrupted Mr. Rokeby, imperatively.

The man disappeared, and during his absence a silence, unbroken by either of the party, was maintained. The thoughts of none of them were without brooding fears. Presently a knock at the room door was followed by the entrance of the small groom, who instantly touched his forehead, and addressed himself to Mrs. Rokeby, as if he knew of no other employer.

"Want me, my lady?" he said, respectfully.

"We want Mr. Wilfred. Where did you leave him, Tibshelf?" she rejoined, quickly.

"This side of Squire Shelley's fir woods. He sent me back, if you please, my lady, and rode on by himself," answered the groom, with a gesture of respect.

"Did he say how long he should be gone—when he would return?" demanded Mr. Rokeby, in a tone of disappointment.

"No, if you please, sir," returned the groom, unconscious that he was about to discharge a tremendous shell into Mr. Rokeby's camp. "He wanted to know about Mark Jarrett's Grange. I told him what I know'd about it, and he's rid over there, I believe, sir."

"No! no! no!" cried Mr. Rokeby, in a tone of affright. "Saddle me a horse! Saddle me the best and fastest horse in the stable! I must overtake him! It is more than his life is worth to cross that man's threshold!"

With that he rushed out of the room, followed by the groom, leaving Mrs. Rokeby and Gabrielle in undisguised and terrified astonishment.

CHAPTER V.

DISCOVERY OF THE WILD FLOWER.

Wilfred, having cleared a gate which guarded a pathway, evidently a private mode of access to the house beyond, found plenty of sward, rank and long, to gallop his horse over, and deaden the sound of his feet.

There was not much time to think, for the wild, ringing scream—one certainly of terror, but equally one of exceeding agony—had curdled his blood, although, at the same time, it animated him with an instant desire to play the part of a champion, and do battle with any amount of ruffians, who had given bitter cause to that young *orpheline* maiden to peal forth her piteous cry for succor.

He, therefore, urged his horse to the part whence he was certain the sharp crack of the gun and the sudden piercing shriek had arisen.

To his vexation, he found that the pathway was skillfully contrived to be circuitous, concealed, within a very few strides from the house and from the entrance, and threatened to prove like the long, narrow lane he had traversed with so much exercise to his mind, like a boa constrictor in swift pursuit of prey, but unlike that sinuous reptile, without an end—at least, where it would be to the advantage of his present object to find it situated.

What was equally embarrassing, the most perfect stillness prevailed. Not a sound, scarce the rustle of a leaf or the twitter of a bird. Nothing but long, dark, broad-leaved grass, and mossy, damp, black mold beneath him, and foliage around and above him of a dark purple tint—as if every leaf had been steeped in blood and had dried a horrid, sombre, mulberry tint.

Nevertheless, he did not check his horse until the course he was passing over divided into two narrow avenues, each exactly alike, and neither disclosing aught but that each might be the entrance to a bewildering maze.

He pulled up at this disconcerting fork, alighted, fastened his horse securely to a tree, and then listened breathlessly for some sound to guide him.

Listened to nothing but the peculiar moaning hiss of the wind, as it moved gently through the trees, to the crackle of a falling leaf or croak of a frog, who had unexpectedly discovered an intruder on his domain.

All was sadly, dismally, depressingly still, and he began to imagine that the report of the gun and the scream were an inexplicable caprice of his fancy.

Then he turned his eyes to the respective pathways, to see which was the most beaten of the two, and determined to take it if he could discover it.

He bent down to the ground, and moving the grass, discovered the footprint of a thoroughbred horse, small, and beautifully shaped.

But not so small or delicately formed as a lady's buff riding-glove, of the softest and finest. Such a dear little glove!

Tiny fingers tapering in the glove—what must they be on the hand?—small wrist, and then a gauntlet, which seemed as if it would scarcely have encompassed in its embrace the forearm of a child-girl, much less one of the size which he supposed was possessed by Mark Jarrett's Daisy.

For that it was her glove he did not for an instant doubt.

At once he placed it in that inner pocket in the breast of his body-coat, beneath where it is asserted the heart beats; and he resolved never to part with it—at least, not until after he had filled his eyes with Daisy's form, and in all probability not then.

He had not resumed his onward progress, when he was made to leap from the ground by a second sudden shot, a hoarse cry, and another shrill shriek.

Then he ran onward with the swiftness of an Indian.

He came in the abruptest manner possible upon a wing of a building of monastic character, and by no means entitled to the name of "Grange." It was built of rough-hewn ragstone, gray, moss covered, and old—very old.

At these characteristics he did not glance. Whether it had been erected by the architects of a remote age, or was from the design of the successful candidate for the Law Courts, to be built at some remote day in the future, he did not pause to inquire. He found a black oaken door standing slightly open, and grasping his hunting-whip, with the crop well upwards, tightly, he glided in.

What passages he threaded, what stairs he ascended, he did not heed. All he knew, all he cared for, was that he heard men's voices in harsh guttural, but by no means loud altercation.

And he heard the excited, piteous pleadings of a young voice, musical as young—a woman's—nay, a girl's—voice, trembling with sore tribulation.

Then he was at a door which stood slightly ajar, as he heard a man exclaim, hoarsely, angrily, and with a foul oath—

"Keep the girl still, Josh! Don't let her squirm about like a gallus eel on a nock. Squeeze her about the gullet as you would a goose, if she will quack."

As the last words were leaving the lips of the speaker, Josh found what he thought to be a couple of strong iron "nooks" pressing into his "gullet," and squeezing it with fearful tightness, as if he were a goose whose time had come.

Also, he became conscious of a thud upon his forehead between the eyes, which made him observe a myriad sparks in a gray mist before him.

"And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

It was but the work of a moment. A young girl, struggling in the arms of a rascal with a most forbidding aspect, was released from her horrid thraldom, and that was all.

For, in a corner, bound tightly to a chair, sat an elderly man, and in front of him were three stalwart ruffians, who were subjecting him to the "question," in order that he should confide to them the secret resting-place of his coffers, that they might appropriate them, and convert them to purposes of their own personal and sensual gratification.

Wil would have taken in long draughts with his eyes of the face and native adornments of the young lady he had set free, but the three men, perceiving that their companion and friend had been placed *hors de combat* by a gentleman, who made his appearance before them alone, and unaided by even a groom of "three-foot four," immediately provided him with extremely active occupation.

That is to say, garnishing their vociferous remarks with hideous expletives, they set upon him together, in order to make short work with him, for having so officiously intruded upon their private avocations.

The smallest penalty they promised him for his interference was beating out his brains, and cutting his throat.

Wil, however, felt the greatest possible interest "in the subsequent proceedings," and he found his whip, not only a serviceable, but a formidable weapon, until his assailants armed themselves with chairs, as likely to prevail over a whip.

And here the story, so far as Wil is connected with it, would have ended, but that the young lady continued her shrieks, the old man shouted as lustily as he could, and in answer a pair of feet were heard clattering up the stairs without, the door burst suddenly open, and a firm, manly voice cried, lustily—

"Hold off, you! I'll shoot every man of you if you move."

Down came a chair with a heavy crash within an inch of Wil's head, just missing it, as he leaped lightly aside, and instantly there followed a red-hot flash of fire, a loud, deafening "bang," a howl of agony, and a strong smell of gunpowder.

Wil turned his eyes upon the new-comer, and beheld, to his surprise, his gamekeeper-looking informant of the lane.

He stood as firmly as if he had been carved in stone. He had brought down his man with a charge of No. 6 shot, as Wil had done with the crop of his riding-whip, but he had also got number two thief covered with the muzzle of his second barrel, and was promising him, in those tones of decision which, as a rule, people who hear them are not inclined to doubt, that he would deposit all the shot therein contained, every corn, in his—well, thorax—if he did not acknowledge that the battle was ended, and that he was a prisoner.

Of two evils, the marauder firmly believed that being sent suddenly out of this world to prospect what the next had in store for him was decidedly the "worst." He commenced to remark that he and his pals "didn't mean no harm. Only, as they was all hard up, an' no mistake, they thought the ol' gentleman would ha' 'bliged 'em with a mag or two to see 'em on to Portsmouth, where they was goin' to 'list in the hartillery; but he cut up rough, an'—"

"That will do," interrupted the young gamekeeper, gruffly. "Stop your gab till I tell you what to do."

He turned to Wil, and without displaying any thankful or more favorable expression on his face, said—

"Just untie the old gentleman, please, sir, and let him go. I'll look after these blackguards."

As he finished, he proceeded to load the discharged barrel with a celerity and skill which betokened much experience, and was not at all reassuring to the closely-cropped individual who was watching with restless eyes his every movement, not quite certain that he should not yet receive the contents of one or the other of those two barrels.

Wil instantly complied, and he had a kind of misty, feverish sense of a sweet face, a cloud of fragrant shining hair, and a slight delicate form floating around him, and then that "it was not"—that it had disappeared along with the old gentleman, the evanishment being effected he did not know how.

Before he could ask whom the persons were whom he had liberated, his coadjutor in the deliverance handed to him the gun, and said, harshly—

"Shoot either of them down, sir, if they offer to stir. They ain't worth as much consideration as a shillincher. I'll just look to this fellow I peppered. It is more funk than damage that's driven his senses away."

Wil instantly took the proffered gun, and brought the stock to his shoulder, while the gamekeeper raised partly up the man he had shot.

The man whom Wil had stunned with his whip had by this time recovered his senses, and had regained his feet. He looked savagely about him, with a sharp quickness, and in spite of the double-barrelled gun opposed to him seemed as if he would renew the fray on the odds of three to two; but as his hand strayed towards a heavy clasped book lying upon a table, at the side of which he stood, with the intention of using it as a missile, a party of sturdy fellows—grooms and helpers—came rushing and tumbling over each other into the room, and placed the "subsequent proceedings" beyond a doubt.

At the same moment, Wil felt a light touch upon his arm, and perceived a man attired in a dark livery, who beckoned him to follow him.

Surrendering his gun to the gamekeeper, from whom he had received it, and who scowled rather than glanced at him thankfully, he quitted the room.

He was ushered into a small room, after he had traversed, as he believed, by winding intersecting corridors, the whole extent of the building, and he found himself before the elderly gentleman, whom he had not only released, but rescued from brutal violence.

As his eye ran over him, he saw that he was about the same age as his father—that, like him, he had a careworn, pale, strongly-marked face, and that the expression on it was anything but consolidating, although he was evidently a born gentleman.

He tendered his hand to Wil, and smiled grimly.

"Young sir," he commenced, pleasantly for him, "you have—"

Then he stopped abruptly; his jaw dropped and his complexion changed to the pallor of a dead man.

He drew back his hand—looked both sharply and tightly behind him.

"My name is Mark Jarrett," he exclaimed, in a guttural, grating tone. "Tell me yours."

"Wilfred Rokeby, of Fairholme Priors," he returned, surprised by the extraordinary change in his manner.

"Beneath my roof, too!" shouted the old man, with a sudden and violent excitement.

In an instant he seized up what appeared to be an Indian mace, and twirling it round his head, would have delivered it with his utmost force upon Wilfred's forehead, but that, with a swift movement and a wild cry, a slight form interposed; two slight arms were instantly entwined about the old man's neck, and forced him back a pace or two, and then a fair white face, with two large eyes, turned to Wilfred.

"In the name of the Almighty, leave here! Not a word, in mercy, but for your life!" issued from its lips.

Wilfred was petrified.

"I do not comprehend," he gasped.

"Go—go! Not a word! For my life, as well as yours, go!"

A pair of strong arms at this instant caught him by the collar, and drew him swiftly and unresistingly from the room.

Before he could bring himself to a state of consciousness, he found himself without the building.

By his side stood the presumed young gamekeeper, who was looking sternly and heroely in his face.

"You heard?" he said, roughly. "Come not here again, or you may fear—"

"I fear nothing beneath the vault of heaven!" interrupted Wilfred, passionately.

"You may fear this place," returned the man, with a short, harsh laugh. "Be warned; come back to it no more. Down yonder avenue you will find your horse. Go!"

"When it pleases me," responded Wil, sugrily.

"You must go, sir," persisted the man, with less acrimony than before. "Mischief can only come of your staying—mischief to one I shouldn't think you would wish to harm."

Wil turned away towards the avenue. The gamekeeper followed him a few steps.

"One word, sir," he added, in an undertone, yet still with a decided emphasis. "You have acted the part of a brave man. You have saved from hurt one for whom I would lay down my life. I owe you a good turn. When you need it, ask it of Abel Stoke. You will have it. Good-by, sir!"

With that, Abel Stoke turned away, entered the house, and Wil, utterly confused, bewildered, made his way to his horse, which he found quietly feeding where he had left it.

He leaned his head on the bow of his saddle for a few minutes, and then suddenly dived into his breast-pocket, and drew forth the sweet little glove he had picked up.

He looked eagerly within it, and saw written in ink, in very small characters—

"Mark Jarrett's Daisy."

"I thought so!" he muttered, with a wild singing in his brain.

Then he unfastened his horse, leaped into the saddle, and rode back—or, at least, started to try and find his way back to Fairholme Priors.

[*To be continued in our next.—Commenced in No.* 31.]

Dickens Parties.—Among the gayeties now in vogue, Dickens parties form no unimportant feature. The participants assume different characters in the writings of the great novelist, study their parts as an actor would a play, and in appropriate costume assemble at the house of the person who gives the entertainment. Here they perform their roles, each one trying to give a faithful representation of the character he assumes. Entertainments of this kind are a little higher toned than ordinary masquerades, as the assumption of a character necessitates some familiarity with the writings of the author, which gives the parties a literary cast.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

A Mobile rhymer thus does up, in the poetry column of the Register, the Duke and his Bison:

Alexis killed a buffalo—Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Alexis shot a buffalo and cabled to the Czar.
The message over the wires has flashed,
The brass bands at the news have crashed,
And Bhoys, though he now is washed—
Should thank his lucky star.

Alexis killed a Bison. Oh! happy buffalo!
By royal hands and royal ball from this dull world to go.
How envied then should be your fate,
For history will record the date
When it's young fledgling potentate
Your stagey head laid low.

Alexis shot a buffalo. Now let the tidings fly;
And Russia's capital will greet the news with gladsome cry.
While Gotham, in its crowded halls,
Will speak of both of the Grand Duke's balls,
While every newsboy loudly calls
To know "How's that for H. I. H?"

Alexis shot a buffalo, and Europe questions—"How?"
Why, just like any man would shoot an inoffensive cow.
You gallop to the creature's side
And put a bullet in his hide;
And then away exulting ride
And cool your heated brow.

Alexis killed a buffalo. Just think of it, ye ballets!
And you New Yorkers, young and old, most dazzling, stunning swells,
Ah! Fashion now will seek to find
How it can form a bump behind,
So it can always bear in mind
The plains where Bison dwells.

MRS. GREY'S TWO DREAMS.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

There was some difference existing one day, a few years since, between two homes within the limits of this great city. One was the home of Marian Vandecker; the other was that of Kate Grey. One was almost all that wealth could make it; the other was only not everything that poverty could make it.

The Vandecker house was an old one, for the Vandecker family was an old one. Estates on either side of the antique mansion had been purchased a generation ago, and wings to the main house had been built thereon; then one of the wings had been occupied while architects and an army of workmen had rebuilt the main house; and thus, like the old laird's hose that had been darned out of existence and into it again, it never could be precisely called a new house, and so it was boasted of as an old one—and if so far back as a couple of hundred years the Vandeckers had such residences as that, what mighty folk must the Vandeckers have been!

But nobody could have wished away the Vandeckers' pomps and vanities who looked on Marian of the name. Narrowness and want would have ill become that superb beauty of hers; that regal stature, that moulded grace, and that face, blossom-soft and fair, crowned with its wealth of yellow hair. Those carpets, elastic as hill-side moss, were made for just such feet as hers to press; those cushions could not have throned a queen more fitly; all scenes and climates might send tribute to her as on those painted walls through which she moved; and the servants who did her bidding, silence-shod and perfectly, could have done it, you would have said, for the love of looking on her face—a face which there was always more or less of a gathering in the neighborhood to gaze at when the famous white Vandecker horses were brought round to the door, since her beauty was as well known in the city as her wealth.

But as for Kate Grey—perhaps she was in the knot of people who paused to stare at the other; certainly no one paused to stare at her, threadbare, thin to emaciation, and with an old veil twisted round the shabby hat and the head so that no one could have caught a glimpse of the hair, as marvelous in every golden line of it as Marian Vandecker's was. And her home—home was a sad word for such a place—a bare-floored attic room, where her mother and herself kept the life in them by means of a sewing-machine, left from their general wreck, and with which they made tucked skirts for a dry-goods house—six tucks, five seams, hem, band, and button-hole, for forty cents a dozen! They paid for their one room; they wore their old clothes; they seldom, even in the winter, had a fire; they lived on something they called crackers and something they called tea; they sewed so late that often the needle went more by feeling than by sight, and they had been so desperate that once they snatched the gleam of a passing torch-light procession in order to run their seams. I don't know what they had to make any lightening of their lives; no pleasures, certainly, either of soul or sense, unless you count it pleasure that they could get any work at all to do, and that they could do it. They had absolutely nothing to look forward to: it was only a breathless race between them and starvation. But they bore it—they had borne it for three years; for old heroic blood was the blood of the Greys.

Poor Mrs. Grey, whose home had been one of the easy homes of our so-called middle-class comfort—her husband the master and owner of a foreign-going vessel—had lost home and husband and fortune in the capture of the ship her husband sailed by the Shenandoah; and her husband, having been set adrift with others in the long-boat, had never come to shore. She had been alone in the world when he married her and brought her to this country; she had not a friend of whom she could ask relief in the destitute state in which she found herself when waking from the prostration occasioned by the blow and the long suspense. Disposing of her furniture and valuables, and coming to the city with the idea that there was always work for those who wanted it, she had failed to find pupils, had failed to find a market for her probably valueless drawings, had failed to obtain a housekeeper's or a matron's situation, and had at length found nothing but this sewing, which has sustained her after a fashion for some three years, though growing constantly from bad to worse, until there seemed no further step for her and her child to take, unless it were into the almshouse or the grave. And all the time the bitterest drop in her cup was the consciousness of the mental blank in which her child was growing up—for Kate was almost sixteen now, and for three years she had never opened a book.

Nevertheless, in the long evenings as they sat together in the dark, or as they lay in bed for warmth, the mother had clothed what knowledge she had herself as picturesquely and invitingly as possible to her, and given the lore to Kate, who eagerly accepted it, and with a quick instinct made it all her own: for she had a pride that hungered after her old place in life naturally, and she knew that ignorance was something which must bar her out forever; and often she spent a penny for a paper when she would not have spent it for bread. They lived in this half-hoping and half-hopeless state. What dreams the young girl had I cannot say. The mother had two, I know. One was that somebody—allured by that yellow hair of Kate's, and by all the possibilities of future beauty in that thin face which generous diet might cover with dimples and color, as it used to be when she was a little child—might take her and afford her the education whose lack made the sorrowful woman grind her very teeth in misery: it seemed so exquisitely degrading that her husband's daughter should be as untaught as any beggar-girl upon the street. And the other dream was one with which she went to sleep, and with which she woke up—woke crying in the night: a dream that the long-boat had been picked up by some Pacific whaler, some craft which should set the cast-a-ways ashore at a place whence one of them, at least, could labor back to home and her. To home! She pictured again the home that they might have—the rest, the peace of it, the joy. She would start as if she saw him at that moment coming in the door, bright-haired and smiling, the sunbeam that he was. And then the wild certainty that it was impossible, that three years destroyed hope, and that even if he came he could never find her now in the poverty beneath which she was buried, would sweep over her in a wave of fresh grief as cruel as the wave that she had so many times seen in her mind as it washed him down to death in its dark depth. Sometimes these bursts of sorrow sickened her; then the work became impossible; she would faint in the attempt, and then there seemed nothing but the end of all before them; for what could Kate's slender fingers do alone? But presently, as if stung by desperation, she would be up again, and then the treadle flew, the wheel went round, and button-holes and bands grew out of the cloth once more as if her hands were a conjurer's—for only those women who have been dogged by death know how fast the hands can fly in the effort for escape.

There was, in fact, only one thing that gave Mrs. Grey any pleasure, any comfort, now: it was when, during the single hour that the sun lay in the room, Kate stole the time swiftly to comb out those yellow locks of hers, and stood sparkling in the sunshine half a moment for her mother to smile at her. And what locks they were! not curly, but with a loose, wavy flow, like great, slow ripples—a sort of electric life in every thread of the spun gold too—gold that fell in thick, showering handfuls of hair five feet long, till, as she stood there in the light, you could see that it exactly touched her feet.

"They have always had such hair in the family," sighed her mother—"all the women, your father said, for generations back. Oh me! oh me! What good is it to you now?"

"That heavenly-faced woman that I told you of mamma—Van—Van—oh, Vandecker, they said—she had hair exactly like it: perhaps not quite so long or thick, but just the color, if you like that so much. It is pretty, isn't it? But I never thought so until I saw it round that face of hers, as she was getting into her carriage. Oh, mamma! it was a perfect cloud of gold—she dressed it so, all in a flash and mist. And then those eyes, mamma—that rose-color that smile! I thought if I were a man I shouldn't hesitate to let her wheels roll over me if it would do her any good. What if you should carry home the work next time, and go around that way and see it?"

But Mrs. Grey had no heart to go into the street. She did not take her poverty in any but a weak-minded way, and it was Kate now who stood between her and the world, as once it had been her husband. And as Kate herself that day took home the great bundle of work, and received the scanty pay, she saw the white Vandecker horses standing before the next door to her employer's, a hair-dresser's. "Talk of angels!" said Kate; and remembering the conversation with her mother, she half-stayed her foot to glance in, if perchance she might be refreshed with the beautiful face of Marian Vandecker once again; but no such face was there: only a stiff old duenna came out and drove away, and all the satisfaction that Kate received was the view of an array of long tresses in the window, one of which she saw was labeled at the price of two hundred dollars. "It isn't so long as mine," said Kate. "To think"—she laughed softly to herself—for neither want nor work can extinguish the light-heartedness of youth—"that I am wearing two hundred dollars' worth of hair on my head!" and she went home quite gayly.

There was no time to lose, though, looking in shop-windows; the daylight was too precious. The weather grew cold—the nights long; not a moment must be wasted if they hoped to get either fire or light for any of the December darkness—the object for which they laid by every penny that could be spared from the task of keeping them alive. Still—it was, perhaps, ignoble, but the hungry system of the child took her there—Kate always did waste a moment going through a street a trifle longer than the short-cut, because it led her by some great hotel kitchens, where all the air was savory with roast and broiled. The rich scents seemed to feed her; she went on better satisfied—a little ashamed, it may be, and yet half wishing that her mother would come out with her by night and pass the place, though, then, perhaps, the banquetting would all be over.

But when the December nights came Mrs. Grey was ill again, shaking with neuralgic pains, contracted in the cold, and aggravated by the constant torture of her pride—her poverty—her apprehension. The money that was meant for lights melted away for laudanum and oil, and mustard and vinegar. There was nobody to work but Kate, and even her work had to be suspended while her mother was crazed with pain and needed the friction of her hand. Starved and shivering, half distracted with fear for herself, the poor child did not know which way to turn. And when, at length, she found her mother in a high fever, with her incoherent words running together in a delirium, she disobeyed all the old injunctions about dishonesty and debt, and ran wildly for the first doctor she could find, though she had not the least idea how the man was ever to be paid. And when the doctor came, the things he ordered were an utter impossibility, for now there was nothing left in the purse even for food or fire. But after the doctor went, he came back over the old stairs, and, opening the door gently, saw Kate standing in the middle of the room, and wringing her hands in a silent horror. "Why, how is this?" he said. And as she turned quickly, all that coiled hair fell down about her, rolling to her knees—to her feet, and the daily sunbeam, entering at the window just then, transfixed her as if it wrought a miracle—not of beauty—no, that thin, agonized face had no trait of fleshly beauty—but face, form, hair, all shone in a sort of spiritual splendor, like an apotheosis out of that squalor; while suddenly, as she saw the doctor's glance linger on that golden fall of hair, the thought of its value flashed across her mind, the thought of parting with it occurred to her for the first time, and a smile kindled at her lips and irradiated all her face, till, for the passing moment, she was beautiful, indeed. Only a moment—one of those flying seasons, so swift, so evanescent, that you would doubt if they had really been at all if their indelible impression did not remain—and then it was only a young physician asking a young girl if she did not need other help than professional.

It is idle to say that beauty will not win its way like a sunbeam where nothing else could go, and that the benevolent and gallant instincts are not oftener roused to action in favor of the lovely than the ugly face. For that sudden second of time had worked upon the doctor after a fashion whose strength and vividness could do nothing but increase. Not that the patient's case had more interest than before, when he pronounced it a simple thing, easily cured; not that he saw anything alluring in this pauper before him, now that the miraculous moment was passed—he, a young aristocrat of science, cradled and reared in wealth and luxury, practicing his profession for its pleasure, and among the poor for the opportunities of research that it gave—he, the preferred lover of Marian Vandecker; but it seemed to him that all at once he had seen an angel in the room, and now it was gone again.

"No, no," said Kate, in answer to his words. "I thank you. Perhaps to-morrow, but to-day we are expecting all we need."

He had scarcely disappeared when the old hat and shawl were thrown on, a neighbor asked to sit for half an hour with the sick woman, who was quiet now beneath the blessed influence of the hypodermic injection of morphine in her arm, and Kate was flying to the hair-dresser's—by means of whose window she had learned the value of her own chevelure.

On arriving at the place, accustomed only to the patronage of the rich, Kate did not feel that she received any embarrassing amount of deference, certainly; but she had come for business, not for attention, and on being told that the proprietor was out, quietly said she would wait for him, and asked if it was expected he would be gone long. But the young princess who condescended to spend her leisure hours among the chignons loosed her own chignon for all reply, and Kate helped herself to a seat and waited.

She had discreetly taken a place in the lower part of the elegant sales-room, where only a curtain behind her separated her from the mirror-lined dressing-room beyond, and from the work-women and their audible voices—evidently wife and daughters of the proprietor. While she sat listlessly, and with all her senses wrapped in the one sense of listening for the proprietor's feet, an oiled and curled individual entered, after a boy laden to his eyes with pasteboard boxes, which he took and opened, one by one, and then went behind the curtain with his arms fringed with as many light, long tresses as if he had been filling Blue-beard's closet, and with one tiny clip of brighter hue than all the rest between his thumb and finger: and though no one took the trouble to tell Kate it was Monsieur Narcisse himself, she imagined it could be no other, and her heart rose in her throat; for he had life or death in his gift, she felt.

"I am in despair!" cried M. Narcisse, as the curtain hid him—cried in that dialect and accent with which the well-taught Parisian was presumed by him to speak our tongue—a dialect superimposed upon a foundation of solid Yankee. "We have nothing to please; we, with our assortment of the best! It is an impossible tint. Look at it! People are not born with it twice in a thousand years. It deadens the gold; it puts out sunshine. I must send to Germany by the first steamer. Put it in the orders, Cerise. Ah! if one could rend the sample by cable! If she had suffered her fever in the city, such a suit of hair had been saved, every hair worth money; but in the country, the idiotic country, parbleu! they must needs give it to the birds to build their nests! And Mees Vandecker will have to wait six weeks before she has a hair to her head—bare as the back of your hand, that head, now when the season goes to commence."

Miss Vandecker her fever—the yellow hair—gone; the little man's words seemed to take life before Kate's eyes like caricatures of notes of music that you have seen jumping up and down the staff. She sprang to her feet and left the shop, without a glance at the supercilious damsel at the show-case, and found herself upon the steps of the Vandecker mansion as if she had flown there. "I wish to see Miss Vandecker," she said to the great footman who, plastered with silver dollars, opened the door to her. "Say that I came from M. Narcisse."

"Oh!" cried a voice from above. "Show the young woman up directly, Morris;" and another footman took charge of her, and led her through a magnificence of hall and staircase—that she remembered afterward like something she had read of but not seen, since she was aware of none of it now—till she stood trembling before a quiet old lady, a prim abigail, and the heavenly-faced young woman of whose loveliness she had told her mother; quite as heavenly-faced now—for M. Narcisse had hardly told the truth about her, since a flossy margin of hair round the forehead had been left, and the rest of her head was covered with a picturesque-looking scarf of straw-colored silk, whose long fringed ends lay upon her shoulders as she leaned back languidly among the Indian cashmere draperies of her chair, her eyes half closed over a novel.

"Your errand, young woman?" asked the abigail, in a tone which brought Kate to herself; and without delay she took off the old hat with its twisted blue veil, and, giving the immense coil beneath a dexterous flirt with her hand, the shower of it fell down round her in a great golden ripple to the floor.

"I was in the hair-dresser's when he returned," she said, simply, looking at Miss Vandecker, who had waked from her languor with a cry of rapture. "I heard him say it would be six weeks before he could receive the hair you wanted from Germany. I came to see if mine would answer. Its price is two hundred dollars."

"You really want to part with such hair as that?" asked the elder lady.

"I shall be glad to do so," answered Kate.

"I am afraid it is too hard a thing—"

"Oh, mamma! mamma! What a chance! What hair! You could not tell it from mine!" cried Miss Marian. "What fortune! Send the carriage round for Narcisse at once, Agnes. Don't lose a moment. Do you hear? I think, though," she said, apparently remembering herself, and recovering her weary, half-indifferent air as Agnes left the room, "that you ask a very high price. It is long, to be sure, and a rare color; but one hundred would be high for it." And she lifted her eyes to the tears glittering on the cheek of the painted Magdalen that was framed in the dead-gold panel above the mantel, in whose warm marble the flames of the soft wood fire played again. "Still, I am willing to give that," she resumed, bringing back her gaze to the threadbare thing whose like had never been between those satin-hung walls before; "and I have a great many old dresses—not old, you know, or soiled at all—that you might choose from for the rest."

Kate looked at her, amazed a moment—that girl on her bed of roses!

"Your dresses would not be of any use to me, Miss Vandecker," she said. "The money, just now, I must have."

"You must be very grasping," said Miss Marian, adjusting the carved malachite cameos upon her creamy wrists with as much precision as though she were in some grand guest-chamber. "You forget that I shall have to pay Narcisse twice as much more, probably, for weaving it."

That was true, Kate thought. The switches she had seen labelled in the window were all made up. Doubtless the work entered into the price.

"I am parting with the only thing of value that I have," said she then, after a little, "to keep myself alive, and my mother, who is sick. But you may pay me what you think the hair is worth."

"One hundred dollars, then. Nobody ever heard of such a price! Why, the French girls sell theirs for twenty. Heigh-ho!" with a yawn that the lifted hand turned into a blaze of diamonds. "Is your mother sick? Agnes can give you some jelly for her."

"Thank you. It is unnecessary," said Kate.

"Oh, just as you please. Agnes! Where is Agnes? Never here when she's wanted! Mamma, I do wish you would put down that tiresome paper, and touch the bell. Oh, here you are! Get your shears, Agnes, and clip this—this young woman's hair—as close as possible. It is beautiful hair, after all—finer than mine, isn't it, Agnes?"

"Oh, yes, Miss! And twice as long!" said the maid.

"I don't care. It's mine now," said the mistress. "Really, mamma, it is the greatest luck! For I couldn't possibly have kept my return from Lucius all that time. Now Narcisse and his family shall sit up all night to cleanse and weave it—they'll do anything for money—and when Lucius comes in in the morning, there I shall be! At least, I mean," she cried, turning so suddenly that Kate started, "if you can assure me it is not dyed, or bleached, or anything."

"It is honest hair, Miss Vandecker," said Kate, with a quivering lip, looking at her out of the aureole of gold, while the lady readjusted the scarf that in her excitement had half fallen off her head.

"That is right. Now, Agnes! But stop. Oh, mamma, you don't suppose it is possible—What did you say ailed your mother? Small-pox, erysipelas, or—"

"Neuralgia!" said Kate, indignantly, and only half choking down her wrath.

"You don't bring any recommendation—"

"If you don't wish for my hair, Miss Vandecker—" Kate began, but recollecting her absolute need of the money, she paused.

"Narcisse will boil and purify it, Marian," said her mother, somewhat disapprovingly, and returning to her paper. "It can be no worse hair than a dead woman's, at all events."

"Well, if you think so—" Her white finger poised on her beautiful lips, as she stood hesitatingly in doubt of the safety of it, and yet unwilling to lose sight of the hair. "I don't know—Cut close to the head, Agnes!"

And the young lady, no longer languid, but quite fired with the thing, lifted a thick lock and put the shears under it herself, so that the cold steel touched the skin—singing the while, half to herself and half to the others:

"'The locks of six princesses
Shall be my marriage fee;
Then hey, bonny boat, and ho bonny boat,
Who comes to marry me?'"

But Agnes held the shears suspended.

"You will leave her enough to cover the head, Miss Marian?" said she. "An inch or so?"

"Certainly, Agnes," said the elder lady.

"Certainly not, mamma!"

"My dear, it will make too little difference to you, and too much to her."

"But every inch counts, mamma, in false hair!"

"You are too keen, my child. Shingle it, Agnes." Which Agnes proceeded at once to do.

But as that first lock fell into the hands of Miss Marian, standing ready to receive it, Kate's lips parted in a sudden wail, and the tears she had been restraining gushed in a torrent.

"Oh, really!" said Miss Marian. "I do declare! If I had known you felt that way—Why in the world do you want to make it so uncomfortable to everybody?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Kate. "Indeed I do. That is all." For the first stroke of those scissors had seemed to her like that of the shears of fate; and the loss of friends, fortune, home, happiness—all were a thousand times emphasized to her in the fall of that one lock of hair. She endured the rest without flinching, rose when it was done, and Agnes had lifted away the towels, took her money, thanked the young beauty, the customary adornments of whose negligé seemed to her unused eyes such fabulous splendor, bowed to the elder lady, and left the room without a glance at the mirror, pausing only in the hall below to adjust the hat and veil which threatened now to blind and suffocate her more really than her rage and shame themselves did. A hand was laid upon her shoulder as she delayed there. It was the hand of Agnes.

"You are a brave girl," said she. "A good girl. If your mother is ever so poor and sick, she has you to be thankful for. Now you take this;" and she was trying to thrust another bank-bill into Kate's hand.

Kate turned and looked at her, with all her face aglow again. The whole world was not the Vandecker world then?

"No," said she. "I have enough now. But you take this!" And she kissed Agnes's mouth, and ran down the rest of the stairs too quickly for pursuit.

A hundred dollars in her hand! She could hardly believe it. She had to take little looks at it as she went along. How much it meant! First, fire; then the doctor's prescriptions well filled; and then she would have the hot steam-baths that always stopped her mother's pain anyway; some wine and meat for her till she was strong again; a thick shawl; a blanket. And for herself—yes, for herself, a hat! How impatient she was to get home—it had been three half-hours' absence at least, instead of one—to give her mother the medicine, to have her wake from her sleep sane again and almost well, so that she could know they had nearly a hundred dollars in their purse! What made them pretend at the office of the coal-yard to doubt her bill, to ask her where she got it—the Vandeckers would never have given her a bad bill? Why did those great impudent policemen come in and lounge round and stare at her while the clerk took the bill out to change it? How long he was gone! Had he made off with it? When he came back, after such an interminable while, and gave her the change, and begged her pardon that he had detained her so long, how fast her feet flew homeward? And then when at midnight, a dozen long hours after she had returned and given her mother her medicine—standing behind her then with the old hat and veil still hiding the ruins—the mother waked, free from pain, and called her, and asked why a candle was burning, and saw the havoc that the shears had wrought, what a scene was that, with tears, and cries, and kisses, which came near bringing back the piercing pain again, till at last they slept together, never heeding the candle that was wasting and dripping to the socket!

But in all her after life of ease Kate Grey never knew a morning whose waking equaled that next one. She had learned to live in the present and look forward to no future, and now with this pledge of peace, for weeks at least, in hand, with her mother better and soon to be well again, what was there she could fear? She was as light hearted and as happy as a girl of sixteen ought to be—there seemed to her to be nothing but blue sky and sunshine in the world!

How clean the room was swept! how bright the stove was scoured! how gayly she ran in and out on her errands! There was even a flower in the window, and a sprig of holly that had been given to her by the man of whom she bought a tiny steak for her mother—for it was close upon the Christmas season. And when the doctor came at noon Kate cried out from the sewing machine: "See, doctor, it is you that have done all this! For if you had not looked at my hair, I should never have thought to sell it! That is what I told you I was expecting!"

"You have sold that wonderful hair!" he exclaimed.

"Sold it! and feel as rich as the beautiful woman who bought it, and who probably has it on her head this moment, for Narcisse was to sit up all night to plait it for her," she answered, familiar on the moment, as the good physician, by smile, by tone, by gesture, knows how to make one—familiar, too, because this unwonted happiness must bubble over upon some one.

The doctor looked at her a moment: and while he looked some new, strange thought seemed suddenly to startle him. "A beautiful woman, you said. She must be beautiful if the woman whose hair she wears admits it!" the doctor answered, thoughtfully. "Will you tell me who she was? I never saw but one woman with that colored hair before."

Certainly it was the vaguest and most unshaped of fancies that clouded his imagination then—of what truth he could have no suspicion. It was not in his power to connect any idea of Marian Vandecker in her magnificence with this girl in her destitution.

"Oh no, no, doctor!" said Kate, laughing, for she had a particle of sense left in all this expenditurement. "That would be telling tales out of school. She was too good, to buy my hair, for me to betray her!"

"Good!" cried the doctor, patient from her chair and her new blanket-shawl. "Do you call it good to beat you down half your price when you are selling her the hair of your head? To treat you like a flint? To take your hair at all—so young, so poor, with nothing else—to take it at all?"

"But, mamma dear, don't feel so! She needed it more than I do. She had had a fever, I tell you, and it had left her almost bald. And she had a lover, I believe—somebody called Lucius—and she was afraid to see him. And, indeed, it might have ruined all her happiness if he had seen her as I did when the scarf fell off her head a moment. So you see it was to our mutual advantage all round."

"Don't talk to me, Kate!" cried the mother; for the doctor sat with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands, not heeding them apparently. "My mind is as firm as Ailsa Craig upon it. It was a cruel thing to do in any woman, let alone one as rich as the Vandeckers are!"

"It was Marian Vandecker, then?" said the doctor, looking up. "I could not have believed it."

"Doctor! doctor!" said Kate, suddenly quenched, "you must keep the secret."

"I am not likely to lose it," said he, gloomily; and his eyes sought the bare floor again, as if, with other things shut out, he could see more clearly the true vision of the radiant being who had trembled in his arms that morning, so blue-eyed, so rosy, that snowy forehead shining under such a cloud of gold, so perfect in her grand beauty, who had said to him, "What fortune it was, Lucius, that I did not lose this hair of mine this hair you love so much!" and had let him draw a tress of Kate Grey's hair across his throbbing lips.

When he looked up again he made Kate, with an authority she could not resist, repeat to him every word, every action, of that hour in Marian Vandecker's boudoir—the dress, the ornaments, the traits of all the women there, the scroll-work of the velvet on the floor, the pictures on the wall, the bronzes, the china, the pattern of the gold andirons on the hearth—till he could not have a doubt that all was true.

"You said I had done you a service," he murmured, and there was a hoarse quiver in his voice, soon controlled. "You have done me an infinitely greater one. You have waked me from a dream—a deceitful, delicious, poisonous dream. That woman, with her stony heart, her false tongue, her miser's soul, is my cousin, and she would have been my wife if I had never heard this thing."

"Doctor!"

It is not pleasant," said he, "to wake from such a dream as that. It is pain—pain as bad as neuralgia, madam. You have taken my prescription? Repeat the dose. You are almost well, I see. Courage; we will build you up. To-night I will come back and talk with you—or possibly to-morrow—talk about different work for you when you are quite restored; a better home; masters for this young lady; the things that people like you must once have had—"

"Oh, God sent you to me!" cried Mrs. Grey. "And it can only be God that is hearing such a blow for you so—" Her hands trembled on her chair; she tried vainly to stand up. Teachers for Kate—for her husband's child: one of those dreams of hers true!

"But now—," said the doctor, taking up his hat.

"But now," echoed a different voice—a voice from a great burly form that filled the narrow door-way—"but now I have found you! I have found you at last!" And in another moment Mrs. Grey lay half lifeless in the arms of her husband. And if the doctor had meant to go when he stood up with his hat, he was forced to stay and play a doctor's part to some purpose now in giving back to the husband, who had been rescued and then cast away in the South Seas, and who had returned only to find his wife and child lost in the vortex of the great city's poor, till the Vandecker bill had put the police upon their trail—in giving back to this stout heart the wife who opened her eyes at last to find her second dream come true.—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE PROHIBITORY LAW.

Mr. Neal Dow, in a recent letter, states that the Maine Law was never in operation in Pennsylvania.

This is so, but not altogether so. The Maine Law, pure and simple, as we suppose, was rejected by a popular vote in the autumn of 1854. In the spring of the next year, the extreme temperance men, who had still a majority in the Legislature, ingeniously devised and passed the second. This act, which Gen. Dow never even refers to, was intended to be, and in fact was, as nearly universal in its prohibitory character as was possible after the recent decision against total prohibition. It forbade any license to sell "liquor, vinous, spirituous, malt or brewed," to be granted "to the keeper of any hotel, inn, tavern, restaurant, eating-house, oyster-house or cellar, theatre, or other place of entertainment, amusement or refreshment." The one saving clause which took it without the forbidden pale of absolute prohibition (that, namely, whereby licenses might, under stringent regulations, be issued for the sale in not less measure than one quart, not to be used on the premises where sold), was so guarded as to be intended and expected by its authors to do no damage. Of this, the evidence from contemporary journals is ample.—*Germantown Chronicle.*

SCENE IN CHICAGO.

The Galesburgh Free Press describes a scene in Chicago: "Scene—A Main street merchant tailoring establishment. Enter a seedy individual, muffled to the eyes; slowly works himself out of his overcoat and removes his voluminous muffler. A book is now seen in his hand, and he advances upon the proprietor with a bland and winning smile. Strange Man—'My dear sir, I am agent for a work on the great Chicago—' John Marshall—'For mercy's sake, hold on—don't say another word.' Rushes hastily to the shelf, produces a roll of costly silk velvet, and places it on the floor. Turning to the strange man, he further remarked, 'Stranger, I am a peaceable man, and will sacrifice anything for peace. You are at perfect liberty to clean your boots upon that piece of velvet, or tramp it to pieces, if you desire; but I will die defending my rights before I will be bored to death by agents for books on the Chicago fire. Fifty-six of them have been here already to-day, and if the thing continues, I may be tempted to commit some desperate and sanguinary deed.' The seedy agent gazed sadly upon the jolly hero of the scissors, and mournfully exited."

☞ The suggestion of a Connecticut paper that the Cardiff giant might represent Mr. Greeley, if taught to sit on a chair with its feet on a parlor table, would doubtless prove a striking feature in statuary.

☞ A London woman swallowed her teeth while asleep, and died.

My Icicle: A Study.

BY KATE HILLARD.

Perhaps it was because she was so picturesque that I loved her first; because the light of her large gray eyes recalled the saints of Fra Angelico, and because her hair lay in such splendid masses of sunlit brown upon her slender neck; because every motion of her rounded figure threw her into a new attitude of grace, and every pose was a study for a painter; because every article of dress that she wore was instantly transfigured, and no longer part of the trivial fripperies of fashion, hung like the drapery of a goddess. I have seen more beautiful women often, but I have yet to see the woman who breathes out the same subtle aroma of beauty, who moves in the like golden atmosphere of grace and loveliness that steals upon the soul with the gentle but irresistible power of the rising tide.

I had been through some rough months of care and sorrow when I first met her, that had left me weary enough, and glad to seek a quiet nook in the mountains, where I might rest both mind and body, where I might drink in renewed strength and inspiration from the bracing air, and enjoy the society of my old friend Alfred Talford. He had told me that his sister was with him in the little country inn, but I did not notice the fact, except to wonder if she would be much in the way. But the morning after my arrival, as I strolled out upon the piazza to watch the early shadows over the hills and to breathe the dewy freshness of the air, I came suddenly upon her.

Generally, we lose, in closer and more intimate acquaintance with a person, all recollection of the first impression they made upon us, or remember it only to laugh at its absurdity. But I shall always remember my first sight of Clare, as she stood leaning over the railing of the piazza talking to her brother, her soft gray dress falling about her in such perfect folds, and her cheek flushed by the clear, keen air. An atmosphere of quiet peace seemed to encompass her—a calm that soothed all stormy souls to rest. The sweet enchantment fell upon my troubled spirit like balm, and I yielded to it with delight. Whatever she did was beautiful, whatever she said was best. Not that she was either wise or witty—she had little talent and few acquirements—but she possessed a divine property of eloquent silence, which became a sympathetic medium wherein one moved at ease and never felt a jar.

Such a third in the intercourse of the best of friends could but complete the perfect chord of harmony, and we roamed about the hills together all day long, Alfred and I discoursing of all things in heaven and earth, especially those of which we knew least, as poets always will. Through the long summer evenings we all sat under the fragrant pines, and listened to the rushing of the brook and the chirping of the crickets till the monotony grew oppressive, and Clare broke into some sudden burst of song, clear, cool and unimpassioned as the brook itself.

"Sing me something fervent," I said to her one evening—"something with passion and pain in it—a song to stir the heart, to come home to our struggling human nature—not these ethereal fancies of Chopin or Schumann—moonshine set to music."

She shook her head half sadly, while yet she answered with a smile, "I cannot sing such songs. I think I am incapable of passion, in the first place. I don't understand this wild despair and rage and love that your favorite songs express: to me it is quite unmeaning. And in the second place, I don't believe in it. Music is for repose, not for struggle. It ought to soothe and subdue one, not excite. It should come like a celestial voice from another and a better world, and have nothing to do with the sin and strife of ours."

"Then, according to your theory, a large part of even what we call sacred music is all wrong," I said—"our penitential psalms, our agonized prayers for help, our wild cries of sorrow and remorse—all such songs as Stradella's 'Pieta,' for example? Are we, then, to be confined in music to one phase of being—to lose all love and aspiration and divine sorrow in a final Nirwana of repose?"

"I wish I could talk!" she exclaimed, with a pretty gesture of despair. "If I could express all I want to say, perhaps you might understand me, but you know I cannot. Alfred thinks as I do, I am sure: ask him to argue it for you, and let me listen."

"Alfred is off in his hammock under that tree, and has a cigar in his mouth, a much better thing than argument," I rejoined rather pettishly; "and it is such nonsense for you to say you can't talk. You are by far the most brilliant member of our trio: it is you who say all our wisest and best things."

"Tell me one," she answered quickly.

I opened my lips to tell her one of the many in my mind, when I suddenly remembered with astonishment that that was Alfred's; another—Alfred's again; a third—no, that was mine.

"You see," she said, rightly interpreting my abashed silence, "you were mistaken in me altogether if you thought me clever. I don't understand you and Alfred half the time; and as for your romance, I don't understand that at all."

"You are like the Sleeping Beauty in the dear old fairy-tale," I said. "Some day the prince will come, and you will wake up and find that life is no more all repose than music is, and that even the princess's nap must have an end at last."

"Never!" she answered, with her pretty, persistent shake of the head. "The prince will never come to me: I know that very well. You can't make a romance out of me," she added, laughing; "I am no heroine, to be put in your books."

"God forbid!" I said hastily. "But if I were a painter, I would paint you all day long; you should be Elaine, with the wind in her hair, gazing after Lancelot; you should be a wistful Psyche, shading her golden lamp; you should be 'la belle dame sans merci,' with the resistless smile; you should be Keats' Madelaine, kneeling in the gorgeous colors of the painted window; you should be the statue that Pygmalion wooed to life; you—"

"But I should always be the statue," she interrupted. "I might long for the life as much as Pygmalion, but I should always be the same cold stone. That is my fate. It makes me desperate sometimes to think of it," she exclaimed, in her quiet tones that suggested anything but desperation. "Let us change the subject. What were you scribbling under the trees when Alfred and I came up? More verses? Alfred, come over here and listen to Mr. Carroll's verses: he is going to read them to us."

But fortunately for me (for I was more afraid of my friend's impartial and pungent criticism than of all the reviews,) the gentle influences of a day's fatigue, a warm evening and a mild cigar smoked at ease in a hammock had set Alfred fast to sleep, and for once he did not answer to Clare's call.

Should I read her the verses? Would she not give her little faint smile at my sentimentalism, and fail to seize their meaning?

"Suppose these verses do but return to the forbidden subject, Miss Clare," I said, "will you be displeased with them on that account?"

"I like to hear you read anything, you know; and I like your own poetry always, even when I don't understand it," she added, with a laugh. "Don't wait to be coaxed, like a young lady, but begin."

With a sudden diffidence which surprised me, but which I found it impossible to master, I read

THE HIDDEN LAKE.

Late travelling thro' the sleeping land,
Behind the rushing iron steed,
I watched the trees on either hand
In changing circles swift recede.

We passed the twinkling lights of towns,
The lonely gleams of country fires,
And o'er the black and silent downs
We sped—fast as wild desires.

The rose still lingered in the sky,
The purple on the mountain's crest;
One trembling star hung poised on high
To light the glory in the West.

The sweet young moon, pale yet and cold,
Shone o'er the solitary plain,
When, like a cloud that, sleeping, sailed,
A sweeter boon shone back again.

And by that glimmer bright and fair,
Nestled among the clustering trees,
I knew an unseen lake slept there,
Lost in a silent dream of peace.

Ah! thus, sweetheart, within thine eyes—
Than evening air more soft and clear—
I watch a tenderer light arise,
And know that love itself is near.

'Tis hid beneath the veil of night,
Like the still lake within the woods:
Only that trembling dewy light
Tells where the unseen wonder broods.

I found my voice trembling in spite of myself as I read the last verses, and only Clare's silence gave me courage to look up. To my great surprise, she seemed to be under the influence of some unusual feeling, and her eyes shone through a mist of tears. The sight of this unwonted emotion was too much for me. I flung prudence, patience, reason, self-control and every other abominable virtue to the winds, and plunged headlong into some mad rhapsody of a declaration, ending with a passionate prayer for at least a ray of hope.

Clare sighed gently, and one large bright tear dropped on my hand. "It is useless," she said sadly: "I told you I was incapable of loving. What can I do? Next to Alfred, you are, and always will be—will you not?—my best and dearest friend, but I do not feel for you that love which alone can make you happy."

"Dear," I said, "I love you so well, I am so happy in the quiet atmosphere of rest which you diffuse around you, that I shall be content to dwell in that forever—if you will but let me."

"If that is all you want, why need we change?" asked Clare simply. "Love me, then, if you must, in your way, and let me be your friend still in mine."

"Oh, Clare, even if I would, I could not. I want you for my own—mine for time and for eternity, to have and to hold, to cherish and to keep forever. Say that you will love me."

"And if I do, you will be miserable," answered Clare. "You will be content perhaps one day, to think that I have said it, then you will begin to find me cold and heartless. I shall not understand your thoughts, shall not enter into your feelings; your reproaches will weary me; your sorrow sadden me. No, don't—be quiet!" said Clare authoritatively. "I know myself better than you do; I can love you a little, St. John, but I cannot make you happy."

I pleaded warmly and I pleaded long, and at last I won from her a reluctant consent to a sort of half engagement. She slipped away from my raptures into the house, and I roused Alfred from the sleep of innocence, and raved over him to my heart's content. All the next day you might have thought we were the lovers, and Clare some guardian angel hovering near. It was happiness enough for me, in my then state of exaltation, to live and move and have my being in her presence, to look at her, in her quiet moonlight beauty, while I talked to Alfred. I realized the feeling Owen Meredith has so well expressed in his "Wanderer:"

Deem those the nearest, soul to soul, between
Whose lips yet lingers reverence of a sigh,
Judge what thy sense can reach not most thine own,
If once thy soul hath seized it. The unknown
Is life to love, religion, poetry.

"Ah, my dear," said Clare, when I repeated the words to her, "if you will love me *that* way, I will love you forever."

But what soul can dwell always upon the mountain-tops? All great emotion that exalts and sweeps us out of our every-day selves to some undreamed-of height must have its ebb as well, and the returning tide too often strands us in the mud again. It was not very long before I began to shiver in the divine coolness I had thought so beautiful at first, to weary of perpetual moonlight, and to pine for a warmer glow. Clare began to seem to me like a wreath of mist, forever eluding my grasp. If I approached her too closely, she melted from my embrace; if by various cautious manœuvres I had secured her for a few precious moments alone, she somehow managed a most unobtrusive disappearance; if I offered a timid caress, she either quietly eluded it or passively submitted with ill-concealed reluctance. Gradually I ceased to be delighted to take her hand, when that hand gave back no answering thrill to mine; it was no longer rapture to gaze into her eyes, when they shone upon me and all the world with the same tranquil clearness.

Finally, I lost the exquisite sense of rest and peace which used to bless me in her presence. The incessant asking, never answered, of my hungry heart grew to be a positive torture; the perpetual expectation, the continual disappointment, wore upon my spirits, and I was not altogether without a sense of relief when the time came for our departure. Clare was to remain among the mountains for another month, and as she glided about the room with her dainty grace, busy with a thousand little preparations for our comfort, I watched her with an aching heart. Why couldn't I be content, I thought, with gazing at her loveliness? Why not have the magnanimity to "love the wood-rose, and leave it on its stalk?" Why insist upon appropriating to myself what clearly was not mine?

Because the grace to relinquish what a struggle might gain was not given to me, I suppose—that is all: it may be reserved for angels and women, but it certainly is not the portion of men. When we are away, I said to myself, she will begin to miss me. Solitude will give her time to get used to this new relation; it will assure this timid and shrinking affection. Absence, too, will surely strengthen love. Her letters will tell me what her lips dare not, and her soul will grow into closer sympathy with mine, freed from the restraints of actual presence.

"Good-by," said Clare, laying her hand on my shoulder, and dispelling my dreams of future felicity. I held her fast by both hands, and gazed into her eyes. They met mine clear, tranquil, untroubled as usual, only a little wonder dawning in their silent depths. It was of no use to dream of a lovers' parting, I saw plainly—of long, ever-repeated good-bys and fond farewells. We all went out together, and in another moment Alfred and I were driving rapidly away.

After the first shock of departure was over my natural hopefulness of disposition cheered me with the expectation of her letters. She had stipulated that she should not write oftener than once a week, her letters were so poor, and she could not bear to write, she said, and as I did not wish to make my love a burden to her, I submitted with as good a grace as I could. When the letters came I was unsatisfied as ever. They were very nice little letters, such letters as I dare say her lady friends would have thought charming; possibly they would have contented her brother, but to me! It was like offering a cup of sand to a thirsty man. In spite of all my resolution, in spite of all my pride, I could not help showing something of my disappointment in my answers. Her replies, full of distressed bewilderment and painful efforts to do better, would so fill me with remorse for a time that I would begin the trying comedy all over again, only to fail as desperately as before. Then a weary sadness began to creep into Clare's letters. She hated herself, she said, for making me so unhappy, but she could not help it. She had warned me that she was not capable of the love I wanted; she failed to respond to my demands; and since I could only be miserable with her, why not let her go? She did love me, if I could only believe it, very dearly, but we should never be happy together as long as we lived. Best part at once.

For all answer I rushed off to see her. Of course she did not expect me, and I met her all unaware. She threw herself into my arms with apparent delight. "I am so glad to see you!" was all she said, but her cheeks burned, her eyes glowed. Could it be that I was a jealous fool, and that she did love me, after all? My heart beat high with delight and triumph. But, alas! in a very few moments the unusual flush was gone, and Clare was drifting away from me again in her old elusive fashion, reminding me once more of the wreath of mountain mist, so intangible, but oh so chilling! A thousand little nothings—I cannot say *excuses*, for she seemed to feel the need of none—constantly called her away from me: a thousand airy barriers rose between us. I left her more disheartened, more despairing than ever.

I had only been at home a day or two when I received the following letter:

"DEAR ST. JOHN—It is of no use for us to struggle any longer. We were never meant to be more than friends, and I am sure you feel now, as well as I do, how unsuited I am to you. If you would let me love you as I do Alfred, we might all be very happy together, but that is impossible, I suppose. You must not think I do not appreciate all your goodness to me—that I do not know how well you have loved me, and how much I am giving up. I have mourned often and often over my seeming coldness and indifference, but I cannot express even what I do feel. Perhaps in another life my soul may grow like yours, but in this world I am no mate for you—and I am sure you begin to see it. Your misery makes me wretched, and I see no help for either of us but in ending what we should never have begun. Believe me, dear St. John, when I say I shall always think of you with the warmest affection and gratitude, and shall always be, as I am now, faithfully, your friend, CLARE TALFORD."

I read and reread the little letter, so full of cruel kindness. Useless to try to describe my struggles, the doubt, the torture, the despair, the endless conjectures, the rejected solutions, the hard reality obstinately staring me in the face—the stern conviction at the bottom of my soul that to be true to her I must leave her; to love her really, I must give her up. At last I summoned all my courage, and wrote her these few words:

"MY DARLING CLARE—I let you go because you ask it. But do not think that, though I give you up, I cease to love you. I shall always keep my faith to you, for it is the best part of my life; and if, after years have passed away, you should grow to love me better, your love will come to me as rich and incomparable a treasure as I know it to be to-day, when I resign it for your sake.

"Faithfully and forever yours,
"ST. JOHN CARROLL."

Ten years have gone, and I am still waiting. I take no credit to myself for constancy, because, as I wrote Clare, I simply cannot help it. The only women who have ever so slightly touched my heart in these long years were the few that in some faint degree recalled her charm. Alfred has long been married—and a little flock of children cluster around his knees. Among the sunny heads is one I dearly love more than all the rest, for her name is Clare.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

GREAT BRITAIN'S THANKSGIVING.

LONDON, Feb. 27.—The day of thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales opened with salutes and the ringing of bells at sunrise. From an early hour the streets through which the procession was to pass were cleared of vehicles and pedestrians. The houses on both sides were decorated from cellar to attic, not house by house, but block by block, and all the open spaces were filled with banks of seats. The avenue of flags, streamers and gorgeous tapestry wound for miles through the heart of the city, passing under superb and costly arches.

Every available place was occupied by spectators, who are only to be numbered by millions.

The Royal procession commenced to move from Buckingham Palace at half-past eleven. As the Queen left the court yard of the Palace a chorus of 30,000 children sang a national anthem. At Temple Bar the Lord Mayor, sheriffs, six aldermen and eight councilmen, all on horseback, met the Royal coach, and performed the ceremony of delivering to Her Majesty the keys of the city.

The services at St. Paul's consisted of singing, by a grand chorus, of the Te Deum, written for the occasion, from Psalm 115th, and the reading of prayers and a sermon by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The appearance of the interior of the cathedral was greatly changed by the temporary arrangements for the occasion. A thousand workmen had been employed for weeks past in erecting seats and galleries, and to-day their labors enabled 14,000 persons to be seated within the body of the church.

The Queen and Royal family occupied a raised State pew at the centre of the mouth of the nave, having the Peers and the Peeresses on the right hand, and the members of the House of Commons, with their wives, on the left, the Lord Chancellor and Speaker of the House occupying gilt arm chairs in front of their respective bodies. In the first tier of the south gallery were seated representatives from India and the Colonies; in front of them were the learned bodies, clerical and secular, non-conformist divines and the legal fraternity. Distinguished foreigners occupied the ground floor of the octagon galleries, with the Queen's household above. The first tier, north gallery, was assigned to the corporation of London; the smaller galleries flanking it to the Lord Lieutenant, and Sheriff, Diplomatic Corps and the Metropolitan Board of Works, and the tier overhead to the School Board; the remainder of the space was thrown open to the general public. Fifty seats in the Cathedral were set apart for working men free of expense, at the special request of the Queen.

The choir was composed of picked singers from various royal chapels. At the conclusion of the religious services the procession formed again, and moved westward through Newgate street by Old Bailey to and cross Holborn Viaduct, near the western end of which, at the boundary of the city, the Lord Mayor's party bade adieu to the royal household. On Snow Hill a platform was erected which accommodated over a thousand people: in front of the platform was a choir of two hundred and fifty children, who sang a national anthem as the royal family approached, but their singing was drowned by an outburst of cheering as the royal coach, now containing the Queen, Prince of Wales, and Princess Alexandra came in front of the stand; the reception here given them was especially enthusiastic, the loyalty of the people seeming to partake of a personal, even affectionate character; the Queen was observed to be moved to tears. The Prince appeared to have borne the excitement and fatigues of the day well.

The Thanksgiving procession resumed its way past High Holborn and through Oxford Road to the more fashionable West End. The whole route to and from the Cathedral was seven miles in length, and the procession was four hours in motion. The best estimates place the number of spectators who witnessed its passage at four millions. There were eleven thousand troops besides the London police force engaged in keeping the streets clear, that there might be no interruption or accidents. The troops were commanded by the Earl of Lucan, First Life Guards; Major-General Sir Thomas W. McMahon, Major-General the Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, and Major-General Primrose of the Household Brigades. Along the entire route strong fences of timber were erected, and behind these were double files of infantry and police to keep the eager crowd from overthrowing the barriers and obstructing the passage of the procession.

At numerous points on the way were stationed bands of music, which played "God Save the Queen" as the royal party came opposite to them. Sight seers innumerable have flocked into London. All the city and out of town railways ran extra trains to accommodate the crowds. Among the strangers who are here might be seen officials from all quarters of the kingdom, Mayor of Dublin, Provost of Edinburg, and many others, more or less distinguished. Visitors from the neighboring States of Europe are hardly less numerous.

Every shop and house along the route brought fabulous rental. Ordinary four-story buildings were let for £100 for the day; one vacant space brought £400. The ex-Emperor Napoleon and party had a house in Oxford road, though they had been invited to share the facilities of the Army and Navy Club, of which the ex-Emperor is a member. It is reported, too, that Napoleon declined an invitation from the Queen to be present at Buckingham Palace and witness the departure of the Royal concourse. He was accompanied by his son. The Empress Eugenie was unable to be present.

The Americans in the city were active in contributing to the success of the day. Next to the British, the American flags were most numerous—both were often intertwined with mottoes such as "Friendly union, the best settlement of the Alabama claims," &c. Loyal mottoes were displayed, and batteries of artillery thundered along the line, while the bells of all the churches in the metropolis rang out their peals. Beef and beer were given at Windsor to the poor of the neighborhood, whilst thanksgiving dinners were served up in public institutions. All traffic was suspended, and the day was observed as a general holiday. Little or no disorder occurred.

Despatches from the principal cities of England, Scotland and Ireland report that thanksgiving was celebrated on a scale commensurate with their wealth and population.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE QUEEN.

LONDON, Feb. 29.—A miscreant this afternoon fired a pistol at Queen Victoria while driving on Constitution Hill, but happily without effect. The would-be assassin was promptly arrested.

The Times this morning again discusses the Alabama case and the claims of the United States Government, and says that England will pay nothing save what she is required to in obedience to the decision of the Geneva tribunal of arbitration. She has never dreamed of offering any composition of the difficulties outside of the treaty. If the treaty is a failure it is the fault of the American Government.

The pressure of the immense mass of people who collected to view the royal procession on Tuesday last, and the fall of two stands whereon people had congregated to view the demonstration, were attended with much more calamitous results than was at first supposed. It is now learned that five persons were killed and thirty injured. The wounded were conveyed to the various hospitals of this city, and are being carefully attended to.

LONDON, Feb. 29.—Midnight.—The excitement to-night over the report of the attempt on the life of the Queen is intense. Crowds are still collected in the streets discussing the news and awaiting further particulars.

An official statement of the facts was promptly made in Parliament this evening, which, when it became known outside, greatly relieved the public anxiety.

While the House of Lords was in Committee discussing the Ecclesiastical bill, Lord Granville entered, and said he hoped their Lordships would excuse a sudden interruption of the proceedings, but he had an announcement to make which it was desirable should be made without delay. He then proceeded to state that, at half-past five this evening the Queen, returning from a drive, had reached Buckingham Palace. As her carriage stopped at the gate a young man ran to the side and presented a pistol within a foot of the Queen's head. The Queen bent her head down to avoid the shot, but the pistol did not explode.

Mr. Gladstone made a statement in the House of Commons similar to that of Lord Granville.

The would-be assassin was taken to the nearest police station. He gives his name as O'Connor, and is about 19 or 20 years of age. His behavior in the station-house was wild, and his language incoherent. He boasted that he tried to reach the Queen on Tuesday, during the procession.

LONDON, Feb. 29.—[Special to the New York World.]—As the Queen was re-entering the court yard, at Buckingham Palace, after a drive through the Park, to-day, Alfred O'Connor, a Fenian, nineteen years of age, sprang over the wall, rushed up to the carriage, and struck the Queen in the breast with an unloaded pistol, at the same time presenting a petition of amnesty for the Fenians, exclaiming, "Sign or die!"

Prince Arthur, who was seated in the carriage with the Queen, knocked the man down. O'Connor was seized and conveyed to prison.

The Queen was perfectly calm. When O'Connor was questioned, he said his design was to frighten the Queen into doing justice to Ireland.

ITEMS.

Alexis reached Cuba on Wednesday, Feb. 28, and was tendered an official dinner.

The war upon the press of France is continued by the Government.

The German nation is again arming and rapidly assuming a warlike aspect.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

OLD AND NEW for March. This number contains "The Handwriting of Junius;" "Spoons in a Wherry;" "New Virginia," by Edward A. Pollard; "Head I win, Tail you lose;" "Faciebat," a good poem, by Henry Abbey;" "Ups and Downs," continued, by E. E. Hale; "Concerning Preachers," etc., etc. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for January. American Edition. This number contains "Greek Tragedy and Euripides," "The Geographical Distribution of Animals and Plants," "The Political Disabilities of Women," "The First Earl of Shaftesbury," "The Development of Belief," "The Government and the Education Act," "A Theory of Wages," "Contemporary Literature," etc. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York, and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

☞ New York has a "Blood Sausage Association," which gives a ball every year.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ Parepa hams are advertised in Cincinnati.

☞ The end of all argument—You're another.

☞ A paper advertises for "girls for cooking." We like them raw.

☞ The Englishman who called the Hoosac tunnel a "blasted hole" was literally correct.

☞ Richard Ewell was a Montana miner. Nitro-glycerine.

☞ A corset is on exhibition at Dubuque, Iowa, which has squeezed three females to death.

☞ A panorama of the "Chicago fire" is criticised by a Southern paper as bearing a strong resemblance to a second-hand bed-quilt.

☞ A Connecticut leap-yearess calls on her beloved every Sunday night with exemplary regularity, and goes home alone after midnight.

☞ A firm which recently failed in Boston, owed their landlord several thousand dollars, he not having collected his rent for several years.

☞ Smoked out—a paper says: "Another poor girl has died in Virginia from the use of tobacco, at the age of one hundred. She was an orphan."

☞ "I'm trifling away your time," as the pickpocket said to the gentleman, while stealing his watch.

☞ On a Western railway, a bride is said to have handed her marriage certificate to the conductor instead of her ticket, and was horrified to hear that it was not good.

☞ The philohippic Bergh's attention is called to the unhappy condition of the walrus.

☞ A bookseller in Portland, named Hall L. Davis, does not wish English cockneys to take liberties with his name. 'All Hell Davis would certainly not sound very pretty.

☞ Mollie Morton is the most unpopular young lady in Louisville female circles now. She was the especial favorite of Alexis when he was in that city.

☞ A child at Warren, North Carolina, was born with holes in both ears ready for the reception of rings.

☞ A Paris paper describes Lord Chesterfield as a famous boxer, who "once fought with Tom Sayers, the husband of Adah Menken." Such is fame.

☞ The "Song of the waves," which one hears so much about, is probably a Neptune.

☞ A boy, four years old, was recently picked up in the street in Boston, intoxicated.

☞ Good morning, gentlemen," says a brusque colporteur on entering a railway car. No one responded. "Beg pardon if I have said too much. I withdraw the last expression."

☞ "Big Flats and Horseheads" is the suggestive name of a place in Central New York, where a minister has just been called.

☞ Bunch is avenged. It is whispered that Mlle. Nilsson was caught under the mistletoe at a party lately, and was kissed by several young men with emphasis.

☞ Joaquin Jose Rodrigues Torres Visconde de Itaborohy, formerly Prime Minister of Brazil, is dead. Who wonders?

☞ Sarsi, the dansense, who does the anaconda dance in the "Crook" at Niblo's, New York, cannot accustom herself to such intimate relations with the ugly reptile. Though she keeps her self-possession before the audience, she has swooned on several occasions after retiring behind the scenes.

☞ Old Mrs. G. F. Train and Susan B. Anthony propose to occupy the White House chair together.

☞ Handel, when visiting an eating-house, would order his dinner "for three." He was a great eater, as well as a superior genius. "A dinner for three!" would exclaim his host. "Where is the company?" Pring up de tinner, presteissimo. I am de gompany."

☞ Rhinebeck now claims him—108 years old, shaves himself, threads a needle at arm's length, chops a cord of wood before breakfast in three languages, voted for all the Presidents before and since Washington.

☞ A Berkshire paper says that a fellow in that vicinity went courting his girl on Monday evening, and wishing to be conversational, observed, "The thermomokron is twenty degrees below zelon this evenia'." "Yes," innocently replied the maiden, "such kind of birds do fly higher some seasons of the year than others."

☞ An English woman, sixty years old, and the mother of thirteen children, eloped.

☞ There is absolutely no bottom to the pit of degradation into which men voluntarily throw themselves. A saloon keeper named Holmes, in Galva, Illinois, was on a continuous drunk for ten days, during which time his horses were left to starve in a barn well-filled with hay. The famished animals devoured their manger, stalls, and each other's manes and tails, until they had not strength to gnaw, and then sank down and died. What hasn't man to answer for?

☞ That mythical quadruped, "Mrs. O'Leary's cow," is entitled to the distinction of being placed beside the "fiddle of Nero" and "Newton's dog" in the pages of imaginative history.

☞ "Are you playing street car, Eddie?" inquired a loving mother of her little son, who was mounted on a miniature carriage. "No; I'm a funeral," replied the youngster.

☞ "Let the toast be, dear woman," the man said to his wife, when he wanted to eat it all himself.

☞ Providence has a model newsboy who refuses to take a five dollar gold piece for two cents.

☞ Cautious Burglars—Those who indulge in "safe" robberies.

☞ An exquisite at a Louisville boarding-house, declining to pay his board, the landlady, armed with a broom, chased him out of the house and through the streets, finally capturing his hat and ashoe, which she holds as collateral.

☞ A country paper remarks that Ann Dante, the composer of so many popular but rather solemn pieces of music, is not a descendant of the poet bearing the same surname.

☞ The Limberger Fire Insurance Company has inserted in its printed applications the following questions:—1. Do you keep a cow? 2. Is it a female cow? 3. Is it a kicking cow? 4. Is kerosene used in milking? Suits arising out of such policies will rival Solon Shingle's famous "cow case." The offence of the Limberger is rank—it smells to heaven.

☞ Josh Billings says that the difference between a blunder and a mistake is this: When a man puts down a bad umbrella and takes up a good one, he makes a mistake; but when he puts down a good one and takes up a bad one, he makes a blunder.

Sixteen Years of Success.—In 1856 the now famous MUSTANG LINIMENT was first made known to the public by an extensive system of advertising. From that time to the present, the demand for it has been steadily increasing, until it has taken the lead of all embrocations, lotions, ointments, and other external remedies, imported or domestic, ever introduced into the American market. In the most celebrated racing and trotting stables, in the establishments of stage and city car companies, and in the stables of private gentlemen, it is the only recognized cure for such diseases of the horse as require outward treatment. Nor is it less valuable as a local application for some of the most distressing complaints to which man is subject. Rheumatism, stiffness of the joints, neuralgia, sore throat, tumors, wens, earache, toothache, yield to its pain-subduing, counter-irritant properties, and burns, scalds and cuts are healed with incredible rapidity under its operation.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

REDUCTION OF PRICE!

SPLENDID STORIES.

The publishers of THE LADY'S FRIEND have concluded to reduce its price to single subscribers from $2.50 to $2—the prices to Clubs (already very low) remaining the same.

They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, including articles from the gifted pens of Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss A. L. Barney, Daisy Ventnor, August Hall, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, A. M. Dana, Madge Carroll, Emma B. Ripley, Nora Perry, M. C. Pyle, Ida Rowland, etc., etc., etc.

The following novelets, with the usual variety of short stories, are announced for 1872:

WITHIN THE MAZE;

OR,

LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.

By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c.

UNA AND HER LIONS.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "One Woman's Experience," "Jealousy," etc.

QUEEN COQUETTA.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming, etc., etc.

ONLY A WISH.
By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords, etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.
By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Turn in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

AN EVERY-DAY HEROINE.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "Solid Silver," "A Little Money," etc.

ENGRAVINGS!

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character. They embrace beautiful pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections, illustrations of our Novelets and Stories, illustrations of the Fashions, (including cuts from which patterns for almost everything can be ordered at a low price,) illustrations of Ladies' Fancy work, etc.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most fashionable Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth the price of the magazine.

The Most Refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines!

In short, THE LADY'S FRIEND aims to be, and its proprietors think it is, the most refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines—*being its Cover, Engravings, and Contents just what a lady's magazine should be.*

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - - - - $2.00.
1 Copy of the Lady's Friend ($2) and 1 of The Saturday Evening Post ($2.50), for $4.00.

(Our club terms are the same as those of that old and popular paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—in order that the clubs may be made up of the magazine and paper conjointly when so desired.)

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order.*

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
319 *Walnut Street, Philadelphia.*

Single Numbers 20 Cts. Specimen Copies (not current numbers) 15 Cts.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Cures the worst pains in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain. **Radway's Ready Relief** is a cure for every pain. It was the first and is the only pain remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating Pains, allays Inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application, in from one to twenty minutes, no matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease, may suffer. Price 50 cents.

DR. RADWAY'S
Perfect Purgative Pills.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a Positive Cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO.,
97 Maiden Lane, New York.

apr2-tf

What Dyspepsia May End In.

Indigestion is not dangerous, say the faculty. Perhaps not in itself, while it remains mere indigestion; but look at the consequences to which it may lead, and often does lead when it becomes a chronic disease. A spark of fire is a small thing. A pressure of the foot will put it out; a breath will extinguish it. Yet it may fire a powder mill, or kindle a flame that will consume a city. In like manner, indigestion may produce gastritis, cancer of the stomach, congestion of the bowels, apoplexy, liver disease, and many other dangerous maladies. Is it not wise, then, to check it in the germ? Nothing is more clearly and indisputably established than that HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS will eradicate dyspepsia in all its stages. The true policy, however, is to extinguish it in the first stages with this wholesome, powerful, and infallible tonic and alterative. It is easier to quench a spark than a flame, and it is easier to cure dyspepsia when it is first developed, than when it has made headway by neglect, and become complicated with other ailments. There is not the shadow of a doubt that the bitters are as directly antagonistic to dyspepsia as water is to fire. There are thousands of cases on record proving this fact. The remedy is safe and agreeable. All the liquors of commerce prescribed as stimulants leave a sting behind. But the sting is taken out of the spirituous basis of this great remedy by vegetable medication, and moreover, the stimulant thus medicated is of exceptional purity. Of all tonics taken as safeguards or remedies for fever and ague, bilious remittents, and other epidemics, it is the only one that can uniformly be depended on. march2-1m

DR. S. S. FITCH

sends his "Family Physician" 90 pages, free by mail to any one. This book is to make any one their own doctor. Remedies are given for Thirty Diseases, which each person can prepare.

Send your direction to Dr. S. S. FITCH & SON, 714 Broadway, New York. may3-1y

For Irritation of the Scalp, apply ROBERTS' COCOAINE night and morning.

☞ Articles of silver offered as wedding presents, have been voted, not exactly vulgar, but "uncultivated and unrefined." Instead of these, works of art, statues, and paintings, "something about which a sentiment can be entwined," are henceforth to be the things to proffer to the newly-wedded.

OUR NEW DEPARTURE!

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HALF A CENTURY OLD.

ENTIRELY NEUTRAL IN POLITICS

That well-known literary weekly, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, having just completed its half-a-century of existence, has resolved to celebrate the event by

A NEW DEPARTURE.

The size of THE POST has therefore been enlarged fully ONE-THIRD, (containing 48 long columns,) and it is now both the

Largest and Cheapest of the Family Papers!

It will contain Novelets, Illustrated Stories, Sketches, Poetry, Answers to Correspondents, etc., etc., by the

ABLEST WRITERS

that can be procured—including Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, Amanda M. Douglas, Burr Thornbury, Ella Wheeler, August Bell, Clio Stanley, Captain Carnes, Lillie Devereux Blake, "Zig," Mrs. Fanny B. Feudge, Mrs. M. L. B. Burke, Eben E. Rexford, etc., etc., etc. ☞ It will be entirely NEUTRAL in politics.

NEW NOVELETS CONSTANTLY PUBLISHED.

New Novelets and Stories, long and short, are being continually published. Subscriptions, therefore, can begin at almost any time.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

As our enlarged paper will afford us the room, we shall devote about a column in every number to a summary of the most important and interesting news of the week.

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy,	- - -	$2.50.
One Copy of the Saturday Evening Post ($2.50) and One of the Lady's Friend ($2,00), for $4.00.		
Our *club* terms are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:		
4 copies,	- - - - - -	$6.00
8 "	(and one to getter-up of club,)	12.00
14 "	do. do. do. do.	20.00
20 "	do. do. do. do.	28.00
50 "	do. do. do. do.	65.00

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The papers or magazines in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to our order*.

Address H. PETERSON & CO.,

319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SINGLE COPIES 5 Cents.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAR. 9, 1872.

BACK NUMBERS.

We have still on hand back numbers to the first of the year, containing the early chapters of "The Swamp Outlaws," &c.

"IF I ONLY HAD CAPITAL."

"If I only had capital," we heard a young man say a few days ago, as he puffed away at a ten-cent cigar, "I would do something."

"If I only had capital," said another, as he walked away from a dram-shop where he had just paid ten cents for a drink, "I would go into business."

The same remark might have been heard from the young man loafing on the street-corner. Young man with the cigar you are smoking away your capital. You from the dram-shop are drinking yours, and destroying your body at the same time; and you on the street-corner are wasting yours in idleness and forming bad habits. Dimes make dollars. Time is money. Don't wait for a fortune to begin with. If you had ten thousand dollars a year, and spent it all, you would be poor still. Our men of power and influence did not start with fortunes. You, too, can make your mark, if you will. But you must stop spending your money for what you don't need, and squandering your time in idleness.

A CLOSE SHAVE.—Henry Ward Beecher, in the Christian Union, makes the following close shave: Who marries for love, takes a wife; who marries for fortune, takes a mistress; who marries for position takes a lady. you are loved by your wife, regarded by your mistress, tolerated by your lady. You have a wife for yourself, a mistress for your house and friends, a lady for the world and society. Your wife will agree with you, your mistress will rule you, your lady will manage you. Your wife will take care of you and your household, your mistress of your house, your lady of appearance. If you are sick, your wife will nurse you, your mistress will visit you, your lady will inquire after your health. You take a walk with your wife, a ride with your mistress, and go to a party with your lady. Your wife will share your grief, your mistress will share your money, and your lady your debts. If you die, your wife will weep, your mistress lament, your lady wear mourning. Which will you have?

☞ Knoxville, Tenn., has a female tax-collector, who is highly successful in her vocation.

☞ They tell of a railway in Kentucky whereon the locomotives are assisted up steep grades by a yoke of oxen.

OUT OF THE WINDOW.

BY NORA PERRY.

Out of the window she leaned, and laughed,
A girl's laugh, idle and foolish and sweet—
Foolish and idle, it dropped like a call,
Into the crowded, noisy street.

Up he glanced at the glancing face,
Who had caught the laugh as it flattered and fell,
And eye to eye for a moment there
They held each other as if by a spell.

All in a moment passing there,
And into her idle, empty day,
All in that moment something new
Suddenly seemed to find its way.

And through and through the clamorous hours
That made his clamorous busy day,
A girl's laugh, idle and foolish and sweet,
Into every bargain found its way.

And through and through the crowds of the streets,
At every window in passing by,
He looked a moment, and seemed to see
A pair of eyes like the morning sky.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

GOSSIP FOR LADIES.

THE CITY FASHIONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR POST:—I have been making diligent inquiry the last week, and from all I can learn I think it highly probable that shirt waists will be as popular among fashionables this season as they were last. Very round and very slender ladies will rejoice at this, for it is a style that shows off the matchless beauty of their proportions to perfection; but short stout people, and *tall* stout people, for that matter, are not improved by the fashion, and the less they take of it the better they look.

They wore it last summer, and for making themselves so much bunchier and thicker than they naturally were, they gave the Bryan O'Lynn excuse, "Cool and convainient." But as you value your happiness in this life, and your comfort in the summer, don't you let that idea run away with you; don't give it a place in your heart among the truths you have garnered. It is a fraud, a delusion, a cheat and a swindle.

Shirt waists, when made in the present style, are not cool. They are just the reverse of cool. You can make them of linen, or cambric, or calico, but where, in the old-fashioned French waist, you would have had but one thickness of the material, you here have anywhere from five to ten box-plaits in the back, and as many more in the front, which gives you three thicknesses of fabric; and through all that the gentle airs of heaven could never find their way, not even with an "Appleton's Railway Guide." I don't know why these waists should be as popular as they are, neither do I know why very many other things in this life are as they are; and a pious friend suggested to me the other day that perhaps it was not intended that I should know. Very likely that was the case.

They tell me that for Spring wear they have what is known as the Nilsson blouse. I'm glad they call it the Nilsson; I shouldn't have taken any interest in it if they had named it anything else. It is cut to fit the form neatly and has two darts in front, and a slight spring over the hips which goes under the belt. The front is trimmed to simulate a vest; or if you are opposed to all kinds of humbug you can have a real vest. A careless "looker on here in Vienna" would probably never know the difference, but you would have the proud satisfaction of feeling that you had got the genuine article—no base imitation, and that in case of accident your garments would bear the most strict and searching examination. Sometimes these blouses are trimmed with folds and a pleated frill in the shape of a Marie Antoinette collar. If you are not familiar with the style of collar worn by the imperial lady, you must overhaul your illustrated history and that will show you just what I mean. The sleeve worn with these blouses is known as the Duchesse. It is coat-shape, ruffled around the wrist and up the outer seam. By-the-way, the uniting of white muslin frills and black velvet bows for spring suits of gray or buff worsted material, is a popular fancy. It is a little odd yet, but when the eye becomes accustomed to it I think it will be set down as belonging to correct taste.

Japanese piqué is a new wash goods for summer. It is soft, twilled cotton, without gloss. It comes in white and buff; it is imported in suit lengths, with a supply of kilt plaited trimming ready to sew on. These suits retail at $5. A picture showing the design accompanies each suit, but if you don't like the style, there is no law against your adopting some other that suits you better. In colors, everything will be fashionable; but the shade of buffish-brown, or brownish-buff, known as Mikado-color, is a little ahead. And that leads me to ask what means this rage for Oriental goods and names?

"Is Civilization a failure,
And is the Caucasian played out?"

I expect the next thing we know we shall have some kind of a suit christened "Ah Sin," though if it in anyway resembles the garments worn by the "Heathen Chinee" as I have seen him pictured, it wouldn't answer for much but a bathing suit.

In regular overskirts I have seen no styles or shapes that could be put down as new; the fact is, we have had all the shapes and combinations of shapes that there are, and the looping process has exhausted all the variations. I don't believe invention can do anything more in that line; and yet we must have overskirts—we couldn't live without them. House dresses with skirts demi-trained are very much trimmed below and on the front breadth, and are sometimes worn with an overskirt, only on the back widths, which comes around to the side and unites with the trimming on the front in the most cordial and friendly manner imaginable. This thing has been attempted before, but was always unsuccessful until now. The style is especially becoming to stout figures, as it gives perfectly flat front breadths with a very full tournure. The front is usually trimmed to simulate an overskirt, and has bows down the centre, and puffs and ruffles extending around to the side, in apron shape. Among other new ideas in the fancy for trimming the back and front of dress skirts differently. Sometimes the three front breadths have deep kilt pleating, the top of which is hidden by the apron front of the overskirt, while the back breadths have anywhere from six to twelve narrow bias-overlapping ruffles. The effect is very pretty and pleasing.

In the matter of wraps, we shall have no more "Arabs" and "Burnous" and striped shawls, and polonaises, and slashed jackets. Anybody that is anybody will this spring indulge in a cape—they can "double the cape" and still be fashionable, but the prettiest way is to have a sacque with a Watteau plait in the back; this will give the requisite fulness over the tournure. The Watteau plait should be embroidered in a satin stitch; the cape, or talma as it is usually called, is worn over this, and left open up the back. These wraps are especially pretty in black cashmere, or in any soft material that settles affectionately down to the form, not indulging in any extravagant angularities.

Embroidery on silk dresses is a rich and beautiful novelty of the season. The *jardinere* patterns in all colors are very stylish for indoor dresses and jackets; but for most occasions when such dresses would be worn, embroidery a shade darker than the color of the dress is more quiet and ladylike. For mourning, black embroidery upon black bombazine is a pretty change, but will not do for deep mourning. For brides, white upon white is elegant.

As to belts, it wouldn't seem that anybody could find much to say about them, would it? Probably they couldn't if they were all those little girdles of silk that have been worn from the time of Eve down to the present day, and to which more apostrophes have been dedicated than to any other one article of feminine adornment. Even Edmund Waller enthusiastically exclaimed:

"It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely dear:
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move."

But they have got to ornamenting these belts; that is, putting on various attachments not spoken of in philosophy as directly belonging to them. These are not meant to simulate sashes, but to look more like postillion basques; and in some instances, if they are not very good imitations, they are a very pretty finish to the toilet. The prettiest of these is called the Watteau postillion (*Watteau* plays an important part in female attire this season) and to make it, take a square of the dress material and trim it upon three sides; the upper side must be attached to the belt in a broad double box plait, or properly speaking, a Watteau fold. A tape beneath in the middle of the fold catches it up slightly toward the belt. With a Watteau mantle the effect is very pretty. Another design is two long ends rounded and puffed below a bow; others are fan shaped, and some are made in kilt plaited squares.

A new Robe de Chambre is called the "Marguerite." It is box plaited in the back, and half fitted to the form in front. The material for the present season should be fine cashmere, and the trimming should be a border of Marguerites embroidered in silk, of any color the means may fancy, so long as it harmonizes with the color of the dress, or affords a pretty contrast; below this border should be a band of soft quilled silk, corresponding in color with the border. This trimming should extend around the trained skirt, up the fronts and around the sleeves and pockets. The front of this robe is usually left open a little, to display an elegant chemisette composed of puffs and lace, while the elegantly tucked and embroidered skirt receives a due share of admiration also.

OLIVE KING.

More About the Nose-Machine.

A study of mankind has been to improve upon the imperfect human body as given us by Nature. A remedy has been found for nearly every neglect of La Dame. France takes the lead in this. It is to her the world owes the marvellous powders and lotions, and the innumerable contrivances to make beautiful and shapely such portions of our form as the original manufacturers passed rapidly over and sent forth incomplete. England has not, however, been backward, and now comes forward with an entirely new invention—an invention which would do credit to the cutest of Yankees. It is a discovery of usefulness, too—one which proposes to cure all defects in a very prominent feature—the nose. It is a pity it has come so late, for only the other day a Western woman underwent a terrible and painful operation rather than live with an ugly and disfigured nasal organ staring everybody in the face and seriously damaging her chances in the matrimonial market. As a rule, the nose is not pretty. Though of much value, it is seldom ornamental, and therefore this discovery must carry joy over civilization. We copy the advertisement from the London Spectator:

NOSE-MACHINE.—This is a contrivance which, applied to the nose for an hour daily, so directs the soft cartilage of which the member consists that an ill-formed nose is quickly shaped to perfection. Any one can use them, and without pain. Price, 10s. 6d., sent carriage free, — — ———, High Holborn London. Pamphlet sent for two stamps.

It will be noticed that no pain is caused, though the machine, it would seem, necessarily requires a withdrawal from society for an hour daily; but as it can, of course, be worn at night, this objection cannot be urged against it. We do not think the inventor has fully told its advantages. If put on when one goes to bed it would doubtless prevent snoring, and certainly would greatly astonish, if not utterly frighten off, any midnight marauder who might enter the wearer's chamber with any felonious intent. We doubt if there exists a burglar brave enough to rob a man who lies peacefully sleeping with a strange, odd-looking machine fastened to his nose. Let it, therefore, be further called "Anti-Snorer and Burglar-Alarmer."

WORK.—Work is a grand panacea for trouble. If you have plenty to do, you have less time for the "blues,' and your thoughts are prevented from dwelling unduly upon real sorrows. To earn one's bread by steady labor need not be a curse, but a blessing. In bereavement, in troubles of home and heart, even when that bitterest of all griefs comes, the consciousness that trusted friends have failed you, there is a sort of safety and consolation in genuinely hard work, be it mental or physical.

MAKE YOUR OPPORTUNITIES.—It was a saying of the first Napoleon that every man should make his opportunities—his chances. But, as a general thing, while ten men watch for chances, only one makes chances, while ten men wait for something to turn up, only one turns something up; so while ten men fail, one succeeds, and is called a man of luck and the favorite of fortune. There is no luck like pluck, and fortune most favors those who are most indifferent to fortune.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

From the Laws of Life, Dansville, N. Y., Feb. 1872.

The Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, a paper established in 1821, is very much above the average of American story papers. It has been enlarged and improved within a year, and is gaining in popular favor.

From the Real Estate Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 1872.

The Saturday Evening Post, published by H. Peterson & Co., Philadelphia, is the oldest established Family Newspaper in the State. As it grows old in years, it grows in interest, and is filled with reading matter both interesting and instructive.

From the Citizen, West Point, Miss., Feb. 3d, 1872.

This splendid paper (The Saturday Evening Post) is now half a century old. Try it, parents and guardians, and your children and wards will live to rise up and call you blessed.

From the Courier, Findlay, Ohio, Feb. 5th, 1872.

There are few papers that have found so firm a hold in so many families as The Saturday Evening Post. For half a century it has gladdened thousands of households with its columns of tales, miscellany, humor, and news, and each year it has added to its interest and prosperity. If you want a good literary paper, send for this at once.

From the Ledger, Longton, Kan., Feb. 8th, 1872.

For a good, standard literary weekly, we refer our readers to The Saturday Evening Post, published at Philadelphia. It has recently entered the fifty-first year of its existence greatly enlarged and improved.

☞ A woman in St. Louis, arrested whilst dead drunk, had $3000 on her person.

TELL IT AGAIN.

A little golden head close to my knee,
Sweet eyes of tender gentianella blue
Fixed upon mine, a little coaxing voice,
Only we two—

"Tell it again"—insatiate demand!
And like a toiling spider where I sat
I wove and spun the many-colored webs
Of this and that—

Of Dotty Pringle sweeping out her hall—
Of Greedy Bear—of Santa Claus the good,
And how the little children met the months
Within the wood.

"Tell it again"—and though the sand-man came
Dropping his drowsy grains in each blue eye,
"Tell it again, O just once more"—was still
The sleepy cry.

My Spring-time violet early snatched away
To fairer gardens, all unknown to me—
Gardens of whose invisible, guarded gates
I have no key—

I weave my fancies now for other ears,
Thy sister blossom who beside me sits,
Rosy, imperative, and quick to mark
My lagging wits—

But still the stories bear thy name, are thine,
Part of the sunshine of thy brief, sweet day,
Though in her little warm and living hands
The book I lay.

In the Days of King Richard.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MAURICE F. EAGAN.

When King Richard the Lion-hearted and his train left England for the East, with the noble design of wresting the Holy Sepulchre from the grasp of the Saracens, Sir Ivo de Mallet was one of the knights who accompanied the expedition. Sir Ivo loved the fair land of merrie England, and he would not have quitted it had not the voice of duty called. His heart grew sad as the turrets of Boisvert Castle faded in the distance, for he knew that from the highest of them, his betrothed, the Lady Muriel, was watching his departure.

Lady Muriel de Boisvert was bound to Sir Ivo by a double tie—the will of her father and her own love. Her father, when dying, had made one of the monks of Croyland write a testament, in which he declared that if his daughter Muriel married another than Sir Ivo de Mallet, the castle and demesnes of Boisvert should pass to his brother, Osbert de la Mer; but it was not probable that Osbert would ever possess Boisvert, for Sir Ivo and Lady Muriel had determined to become man and wife as soon as the former returned from Palestine.

Time passed. Richard's great victory at Ascalon was sung in hall and bower, and Lady Muriel's face flushed with pleasure as the minstrels extolled the exploits of Sir Ivo—as well they might, for none were braver in battle or tournament than he.

King Richard, returning, was seized and imprisoned by the Emperor of Germany, but it was rumored that the good knight De Mallet had escaped all dangers, and would soon step upon his native soil.

Lady Muriel sat in her chamber, while her serving-maiden, Ethel, entwined strings of pearls amid her long braids of dark hair. The Lady Muriel was very beautiful. Her mother had been a Saxon, and she possessed the exquisite blue eyes, and her skin had all the fairness of the Saxon type, while the shadowed hair and eyelashes were derived from her Norman father.

"Dost thou think he will come to-day, Ethel?" she asked, turning to her golden-haired serving-maiden.

"I hope that he will, dear lady," answered Ethel, stepping back a pace to admire the effect of the pale pearls which lay like hoar frost amid the lady's tresses. "The palmer, who was admitted into the hall yesternight, said that Sir Ivo has landed ere this, and Harold thinks so, too."

A bright smile of joyful anticipation irradiated Lady Muriel's face.

"Thou didst well, Ethel, to finish this blue kirtle so soon. With it I will wear my robe of white wool—the hues of snow and the clear sky were ever favorites with Sir Ivo."

"Methinks he should love the color of snow best, for it will be that of thy wedding-robe, mistress mine."

Lady Muriel blushed, and sighed, "Would that he were here!"

But Ethel had more reason to sigh, for Harold, *her* lover, was a bondsman in the thrall of Sir Ivo, whose estate lay farther down on the opposite side of the river Trent. Harold acted in the capacity of steward during his master's absence; he was tender-hearted and true as steel, but in quickness of perception and fertility of resource Ethel was far his superior. Had he never known her, his state of serfdom might have not become so irksome, but she had awakened him from his stolid indifference.

Lady Muriel impatiently waited.

Noon came and passed. The brightness of the day faded, and still no welcome bustle at the gate of Boisvert announced the coming of Sir Ivo. Instead of sitting at her embroidery frame among her maidens, as she was wont to do, she placed herself at the casement, and gazed anxiously at the landscape.

"He comes!" she cried. "I see the flash of spears!—Ah, no, it is only the dying sunlight falling on the river. Why comes he not? He promised that he would hasten hither. But, Ethel," she continued, a sudden fear taking possession of her, "perchance he hath been wounded, and they have carried him to his castle. Can it be, think'st thou?"

"I know not," answered Ethel, "but if it pleases thee, I will go with all speed to Sir Ivo's castle—it takes but a moment to cross the Trent in Agge, the miller's, new boat. I will ask Harold; he will know."

At the name of Harold several of the other maidens smiled significantly, as if they well knew that disinterested sympathy was not the only motive that prompted Ethel's offer.

"Thou art a good wanch," said Lady Muriel; "hasten at once, and if thou return before nightfall, my silken veil shall be thine."

Ethel hurried to the river side, and getting in the boat, proceeded to row swiftly down the Trent. In doing so, she was obliged to pass a huge stone structure which belonged to a Saxon, Hereward of Torquilford. This building was supported on piles driven into the river bed. The evening was approaching, and the air was still. The sound of voices came from this structure. Ethel ceased rowing, and listened.

"'Tis the voice of Osbert de la Mer," she muttered. "He comes hither for no good. I thought he was in the train of Prince John."

A word uttered in a raised tone reached her ears.

"Lady Muriel," she murmured; "why doth Hereward speak of Lady Muriel? When crafty Norman and base Saxon plot together honest people must look out for snares."

She pushed her boat between two of the stone pillars which were overgrown with rank vines. By this manœuvre she brought herself just beneath the window of the edifice. Hidden from view by the foliage, she could plainly hear all that was said within.

"Dost thou mean Lady Muriel of Greenwood, or Boisvert, as they call it now?" said the husky, sleepy voice of Hereward.

"Her, I mean, and no other," replied the sharp, dry tones of Osbert de la Mer.

"Why, she never would have me—besides, she is betrothed to the knight Ivo de Mallet."

"Out upon thee, man! Thou art too fearful. She will learn to love thee—thou art handsome enough to attract the love of any woman."

"I know it," returned Hereward, "my mother hath often told me so."

"Vain cur!" commented the listener.

"Enter the field against Ivo de Mallet, and thou will come forth victorious, but first, the lady must become thy wife."

"What mean'st thou, Osbert?"

"I mean that the Lady Muriel shall become mistress of Torquilford. It needs a mistress, Hereward. Thy mother is growing old. Here is my plan, there is no danger."

"Danger! When did Hereward of Torquilford fear danger?"

"I hinted not at such a thing. But take another draught of this Chian wine. Is it not rare stuff? My servants brought a cask hither for thee."

"Thanks," returned Hereward, smacking his lips, "but I prefer the ale and mead of my ancestors. Thou should'st have seen the flagon from which my grandsire Handibert quaffed! 'Twas five times the size of yonder tankard. Strong ale and plenty of it, was his motto and is mine."

"Besotted hog!" muttered Ethel. To tell the truth, Hereward of Torquilford was not popular in the vicinity. He was known to be a hard master, he was avaricious, and although he was not without a share of brute courage, he feared all risk, and this latter feeling made him truckle to his more powerful neighbors.

"My niece, the Lady Muriel, shall be thy wife, Hereward, if thy accustomed bravery does not desert thee. If Lady Muriel marry thee, instead of Sir Ivo, Boisvert becomes mine. Well, in that event, I will give thee a fair portion of Boisvert, for I shall not need it. I know well that if I rid the land of this pestilent de Mallet, Prince John will bestow his lands on me. Dost understand?"

There ensued a short silence, only broken by the sound of a heavy tankard being placed upon the table.

"Go on, Sir Osbert."

"Get stout bearers for thy mother's litter. Go with it, and a dozen or so of men to Boisvert. Say that thy mother's Lady Althea desires the presence of my niece at Torquilford. She can be brought hither, and in a short time thou and she will be man and wife. I will see that all is ready."

"But what if she refuse to come?"

"Rush through the castle gate and seize her. Boisvert is but poorly supplied with defenders."

"It shall be done! By the shield of Horsa! it shall be done this very night."

The wine was mounting into Hereward's head.

"Ha! ha!" and the cracked voice of Osbert rang out in a poor imitation of a laugh. "I knew thou wert a brave knight, Sir Saxon! I will attend to Sir Ivo myself."

"Oh, that King Richard—oh, that Sir Ivo were here!" sighed Ethel, "Harold has a true heart and a stout arm, I will haste to unfold this devilish design."

Extracting the boat from amid the foliage, she propelled it from between the pillars as noiselessly as possible, and then glided down the river, gradually nearing the opposite bank.

She found Harold at de Mallet's castle. Sir Ivo had not yet arrived. Harold was a tall, powerful, good-looking Saxon; he received Ethel as if she were some beneficent fairy come to visit him.

When the first greetings were over, she repeated the substance of the conversation she had just heard. Harold seemed stupefied by the villany of the plan.

"Well, well," said Ethel, impatiently, "what shall we do?"

"Nay, Ethel, 'tis for thee to answer that question. Thou known'st I am not over-ready with my wits."

"Then we must go to Boisvert and defend my young mistress. There is no time to be lost. Some counterplot may occur to me on the way. Come!"

Having given some instructions to another servant of Sir Ivo's, he followed Ethel into the boat, and plied the oars, while she, wrapping her mantle around her, for the evening dew was falling, placed herself in the stern.

A great part of the way was spent in silence. At last Harold asked, "Hast thou thought of any plan by which these villains may be foiled?"

Ethel mused a moment before answering. "If the Lady Muriel be informed of this plot, and if she refuse to go to Torquilford, the adherents of Hereward will burst into the castle."

"They will not dare!" cried Harold.

"And why? Ah, Harold, they know our weakness. They know well that all our stout retainers followed Sir Ivo. We might shut and bar the gates, but we have no means of withstanding a troop of determined besiegers. We should starve."

There was another pause.

"I know of only one way," continued Ethel. "I will don the Lady Muriel's attire, and enter the litter. The darkness is falling now; they will not know me. When we have reached the wood at the cross-roads of Torquilford, I will suddenly spring from the litter and his back to Boisvert. This manœuvre will give us time to send to Stoke for aid. Lady Muriel hath friends in the town."

"No, Ethel, I will undertake this myself."

"Thou!" cried Ethel, smiling at the idea of the tall Saxon personating the Lady Muriel.

"Yes. Thou shalt disguise me in the apparel of thy mistress."

"And the danger?"

"It is nought."

Harold was sparing of words at the best of times; and now, having expressed his determination, he said no more.

On reaching Boisvert, Ethel left him in the hall, where the servants were partaking of the evening meal, and hastened to the Lady Muriel's chamber. She deemed it best to disclose the whole to her. Lady Muriel objected to the plan which Ethel proposed. It was unworthy of a Boisvert, she said, to practice deceit. While Ethel was arguing in favor of her view of the matter, a thundering knock sounded from the castle gate. Almost immediately a maiden entered with the tidings that the Lady Althea desired the presence of Lady Muriel at Torquilford. In order that no time might be lost, she had sent her own litter. It was waiting in the court-yard.

Before Lady Muriel could answer the summons, Ethel snatched up a robe, mantle, and hood of white wool, and hastened into the ante-chamber. Harold was just entering, alarmed lest something had occurred to prevent their undertaking.

Whispering a few words of encouragement, she helped him to put on the garments over his other clothes. The figure he made was sufficiently ridiculous, but Ethel hoped that in the darkness the retainers of Hereward would not notice it.

"Come, follow me," she said; "hasten, or Lady Muriel may determine to spoil our plan."

Harold obeyed her, treading at every step upon the folds of his robe, and wondering how women could wear such things.

They soon reached the court-yard. The litter was waiting; four retainers only were in attendance. Ethel rightly surmised that the rest were without the walls.

"Wilt thou not permit me to attend thee, dear lady?" said Ethel, as Harold was assisted into the litter, which creaked beneath his weight. He doubted his power of successfully imitating the sweet voice of Lady Muriel, so he contented himself by replying to Ethel's affectionate speech with a negative shake of the head, and the litter was borne from the court-yard.

A number of retainers had remained outside of the walls, and Harold's heart sank a little as he saw them surround the litter; but thinking of the sharp-pointed knife that he always carried in his girdle, he grew more at ease.

His plan of escape was a simple one, and easily executed. As soon as they came within a mile of the Torquilford cross-roads, he grasped his knife and sprang out among the attendants. This was utterly unexpected. The men stood still in open-mouthed amazement. Hereward especially seemed astounded at the agility of the high-born Lady Muriel.

When they recovered the use of their wits, the supposititious lady had disappeared from sight.

In that part of Torquilford wood which bordered on the roads crossing at that place, a numerous band in the pay of Osbert de la Mer lay in ambush. They were waiting for Sir Ivo de Mallet, who was expected to pass through the wood on his way to his own castle. De la Mer had received information that he was now on the road hither, and the crafty Norman had resolved that Sir Ivo should not see the light of another day. Cold and calculating, surrounded by his hired cut-throats, he awaited the coming of his victim.

The men were shivering around a small fire, well-covered up, for fear that the blaze might be seen from either of the roads. Osbert stood behind a high hedge of bushes, keeping a sharp lookout. The remainder of the band were gathered near a ferocious-looking Saxon, who was relating a frightful ghost-story in a low and impressive tone. The moon had risen, and its beams fell upon the group, casting through the branches over their heads, a pale, unearthly radiance.

The tale was at its most thrilling part. The narrator illustrated it with uncouth gestures. The men heard him breathlessly; and even Osbert, with a smile of contempt, half-turned to listen.

One of the band looked about him uneasily. Suddenly his eyes became fixed on a strange figure that was advancing rapidly towards him.

"Look!" he gasped, starting to his feet. They followed with startled eyes the direction pointed out by his finger. With one impulse the whole band, excepting the chief, rose and fled, for, coming along at full speed, was a white and ghastly spectre.

Osbert alone stood his ground. He called on his men to remain, but in their wild terror they did not heed him. He feared neither man nor spirit when an end was to be gained; but he was about to follow his retainers, when the sound of an approaching horseman was heard, and Sir Ivo de Mallet rode into the wood.

Snatching up a bow, which one of his men had dropped, he fitted a shaft to the cord and launched it at Sir Ivo. Happily it rattled harmlessly on the knight's breastplate. Seeing that the arrow had failed to do its work, and hoping to strike Sir Ivo before he would have recovered from the surprise engendered by this sudden assault, De la Mer unsheathed his sword and rushed at the knight.

But he reckoned without his host. Sir Ivo was too good a soldier to be taken unawares. He jumped from his horse, and drawing his sword, warded off the blow of his assailant. The blades flashed an instant like streaks of lightning, and then clashed amid sparks driven from the cold steel.

A fearful duel ensued. De la Mer was much the older of the two, but his armor was light, and while age had taken some of his vigor, it had cooled his blood and made him wary. Sir Ivo dashed upon his opponent with the rash impetuosity of a young lion, and he soon lost whatever advantage superior strength might have given him.

The figure in white had halted at the foot of an oak, and watched the combat with a varying countenance. It appeared that his sympathy was with Sir Ivo.

Osbert drove the knight close to a tree, and by a dexterous thrust, pierced a weak place in his armor. Sir Ivo fell back with a groan; Osbert sprang over the hedge and disappeared among the trees.

The white figure came forward, and knelt down beside the wounded knight.

"It is I—Harold," he said.

"'Tis well. I am hurt, but not seriously, I think," said Sir Ivo, "what news of Boisvert?—I am faint."

"The Lady Muriel is well, and anxiously awaits thy arrival. 'Tis a pity that the dastardly Osbert de la Mer should be the uncle of so sweet a lady!"

"Ha! the darkness shrouded him. Was he my assailant?"

"Yes, Sir Ivo,—but let me assist thee to mount thy steed.

The knight consented, and Harold, with great care, aided him to remount the horse. Taking the bridle in his hand, he proceeded to slowly lead the animal towards Boisvert.

"Torquilford is nearer," said the knight, raising his drooping head.

"I will not take thee to that den of villainy, Sir Ivo." And before the knight could reply, Harold began to tell of the plot which Ethel had overheard.

The knight was extremely indignant, and Harold hastened his pace, fearing that the emotion caused by the recital might tend to increase his master's hurt.

Attempting to divert his mind, Harold asked him where his retainers had been left.

"At Stoke," answered Sir Ivo," I hastened on, hoping to reach Boisvert in time to see the Lady Muriel.

They received a joyful welcome at Boisvert. It was soon discovered that Sir Ivo's wound was not dangerous; and before a month had passed, there took place two weddings in the castle chapel. Lady Muriel became the wife of Sir Ivo, and Ethel was united to Harold, who, in consideration of his late service, was made a free man in time for the happy event.

De la Mer, finding that Sir Ivo was still alive, and that Hereward's design had failed, fled from the vicinity; but his crimes did not escape punishment. King Richard, having been ransomed after an imprisonment of nearly four years, returned to England. He forgave the treason of his brother, Prince John; but De la Mer's guilt had no fraternal love to soften it in the King's eyes, and he died the death of a traitor.

BABIES.—An editor who has been married a year, speaking of babies, says: "The delight of days, the torments of night; elegant in full dress, but horrible in dishabille; beautiful on the smile, but maddening on the yell; exquisitely in place in the nursery, but awfully out of place in the parlor or railway carriage; the well-spring of delight, and the recipient of unlimited spankings; the glory of 'pa,' and the happiness of 'ma'—who wouldn't have 'em?"

LADY FRANKLIN.—The devotion of Lady Franklin to her husband's memory is almost without a parallel in the history of widowhood. She gave the world no peace until the immense ice-fields of the North were searched for her lost husband, and then moved the hearts of two continents by her efforts to recover his remains. Now she offers $10,000 in gold for the journals or other records of the Erebus and Terror, which are supposed to have been deposited near Point Victory on King William's Land, twenty-four years ago.

☞ Give the positive, comparative, and superlative degree of the adjective "solemn," with illustrations of the meaning of the word. "'Solemn,' being married; 'solemner,' not being able to get married; 'solemnest,' wanting to be unmarried when you are married.

AUNT TABITHA.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Whatever I do and whatever I say,
Aunt Tabitha tells me that isn't the way;
When *she* was a girl (forty summers ago)
Aunt Tabitha tells me they never did so.

Dear aunt! If I only would take her advice!
But I like my own way, and I find it so nice!
And besides, I forget half the things I am told;
But they all will come back to me—when I am old.

If a youth passes by, it may happen, no doubt,
He may chance to look in as I chance to look out;
She would never endure an impertinent stare—
It is *horrid*, she says, and I mustn't sit there.

A walk in the moonlight has pleasures, I own,
But it isn't quite safe to be walking alone;
So I take a lad's arm—just for safety, you know—
But Aunt Tabitha tells me *they* didn't do so.

How wicked we are, and how good they were then!
They kept at arm's length those detestable men;
What an era of virtue she lived in! But stay—
Were the men all such rogues in Aunt Tabitha's day?

If the men *were* so wicked, I'll ask my papa
How he dared to propose to my darling mamma;
Was he like the rest of them? (Goodness! Who knows?)
And what shall *I* say, if a wretch should propose?

I am thinking if aunt knew so little of sin,
What a wonder Aunt Tabitha's aunt must have been!
And her grand-aunt—it scares me—how shockingly sad
That we girls of to-day are so frightfully bad!

A martyr will save us, and nothing else can;
Let *me* perish—to rescue some wretched young man!
Though when to the altar a victim I go,
Aunt Tabitha 'll tell me *she* never did so!

—*Atlantic.*

PEMBERTON;

OR,

One Hundred Years Ago.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HENRY PETERSON.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by Henry Peterson, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.)

PART FIRST.

CHEW'S HOUSE.

CHAPTER II.

MORTON, PISTOL. How went the battle?
Excellent, my lord.
We did not all that we set out to do,
But then we gave the braggart enemy
A most uncommon scare.

We avail ourselves of this pause in our narrative, to sketch in a few words the main features of the battle which came so unexpectedly, like a summer thunderstorm, upon Col. Musgrave and his fair visitors.

Lying on the Germantown or Skippack road, at a distance of about six miles from Philadelphia, the village of Germantown stretched in a line of scattered stone houses, for the distance of about two miles, in a northwesterly direction.

Across the centre of the village, where the road was widened for the erection of a market house, the British army lay stretched like some huge bird of prey—some vulture, or some condor of the desert—measuring about four miles from the tip of one huge wing on the New York road, to the tip of the other on the Schuylkill.

But the weight of the body lay in the centre, directly in and around the market place, where its iron beak and talons—in the shape of a splendid park of artillery—were lying ready to tear and rend whenever the occasion offered.

In front, to secure the army against surprise, was a detachment of light infantry at Mount Airy, and the Fortieth regiment, under Col. Musgrave, at Chew's House—with other detachments in equally available positions.

The British force had been weakened by the detaching of three thousand men, comprising the elite of the army, to garrison Philadelphia, and make glad the hearts of the loyal in that important city. Another force also had been detached against the American defences on the Delaware. And well aware of these movements, after having been himself reinforced by fresh troops from New Jersey and Maryland, Washington determined to strike a blow at Sir William Howe, even in the midst of his fancied security.

The plan of the American attack was well conceived and daring. It was to make a night march, to cut off the British sentries before daybreak at the advanced post at Mount Airy, so that they could not give the alarm—to break like a tornado upon the Light Infantry and Col. Musgrave's regiment, driving them as chaff before the wind—and thus fall upon the British main line at the centre of the town, while it was wholly or partially unprepared.

Gen. Greene was to co-operate with this movement, by marching down the Limekiln road, which led to the front of the British right wing, to take it also unprepared, and drive all before him to the same central point, the market house. Thus the right wing would either be divided or broken, the centre overwhelmed by sheer weight of numbers, and the left wing thrown back against the Schuylkill river, with a victorious army between it and Philadelphia, and doomed to surrender at discretion.

The plan was an admirable one, and only needed good soldiers, good fortune and a rapid execution. But the night was dark, the roads were bad, and by the time the attack was to be begun, day had dawned, and the British encampments were awake and stirring. Captain McLane, to whose daring enterprise had been intrusted the duty of quietly capturing or killing the pickets, failed to effect his purpose. The alarm was given, and soon the three field pieces at Mount Airy communicated that alarm to the whole British camp. Wayne, hotter than ever from the shame of his recent midnight defeat, pressed on dauntlessly with his brigade of Pennsylvanians—his soldiers shouting to one another, "*Remember Paoli!*"—but they met men of the same stalwart race; and the British advance, with tenfold their number in front of them, knowing well the importance of time, maintained to the full the ancient reputation of their arms. Forced back upon Musgrave, after half an hour's hard fighting, the latter also soon yielded ground, but flung himself into the stone mansion of Judge Chew, barricading its lower doors and windows, and keeping up a heavy fire from the second story, the roof, and the outbuildings; while the remnant of the light infantry, pursued remorselessly by Wayne's maddened soldiery, fled down the road towards the main body.

To add to the difficulties of the assailants, a heavy mist had arisen, which, combined with the smoke of the battle, rendered all objects obscure at the distance of a few yards, and prevented the commanders from knowing the position of their various corps and regiments.

Wayne had pressed on after the British, down the main road towards the market house—but when Conway's corps came up, it halted and joined those who were engaged in the assault upon Musgrave.

At this moment up rode Sullivan, at the head of his brigade, and with him the Commander-in-Chief and his staff, with General Knox, of the artillery.

"What is this?" asked Washington.

He might well ask, for nothing could be seen, though the bullets were whistling all around them, and a return fire, accompanied with shouts, could be heard from the other side of the stone wall which lined the road.

An officer of Conway's brigade answered. "A party of British have thrown themselves into a large stone house, about a hundred yards from the road, and we are trying to dislodge them."

"Wait a moment till I bring up my cannon," said Gen. Knox, a very corpulent but withal active man, with an animated, resolute face.

"This is madness!" broke in one of Washington's aids, a small, handsome and fiery young man, called at that day by some "the little lion," but afterwards known as one of the wisest of statesmen and ablest of financiers—Hamilton the Immortal!

"It would be madness to leave a fort in our rear, to cut off our line of communication," replied Knox. "That is against one of the first maxims of military science."

"A fort!" echoed Hamilton disdainfully. "Leave a regiment here to watch them, and drive them back if they attempt mischief—but our time is too precious to waste in battering down houses."

"Yes, but who knows that the British are not marching up through the fields on the other side, and in force, to their support," interposed Sullivan. "They would take us then in flank and rear."

All turned to the commander. "Perhaps," said he, "while we stand here considering, an earnest attack will capture the house, and settle the question to please all of us. We have to decide at a venture, for we can see nothing in this mist. "Major White, cannot you take a party, and force the main door?"

"Or fire the doors and shutters?" suggested Hamilton.

Major White, reputed to be the handsomest man in the army, as he had been previously in the ball-rooms of Philadelphia, smiled proudly as he answered—

"I will try, General."

Knox rode off rapidly, notwithstanding, to bring up his cannon.

Major White dashed against the door, it was already riddled with musket bullets, but it had been strongly barricaded, and his men dropped off rapidly beneath the constant fire from the upper windows.

Then he had some pieces of rails and other light stuff collected, and darted forward again alone, with a fagot of these, a bundle of straw, and a lighted torch. Sheltered under the cornice of the doorway, while his men poured a steady rain of balls into the upper windows, he might have succeeded—but a shot from a cellar window struck him, and he staggered back off the steps, and fell mortally wounded upon the ground.

By this time Knox had got a field-piece in position—but his heaviest guns were six pounders, and while its balls went through the walls of the house, they made no opening by which a foe could enter.

A half hour had been wasted. Washington had sat quietly upon his horse, listening to the reports his aids had brought him, seemingly unconscious of the storm of bullets raging around, until in compliance with General Sullivan's repeated importunities, he shifted his position a little out of the range of the heaviest fire.

"Hamilton was right," said he at length, "as he is apt to be. But, as we have remained this long, suppose we try a summons to surrender. General,"—to Sullivan—"have a parley beaten, and a flag of truce sent in."

Unfortunate order. The American advance, while this attack was going on, had dashed against the British centre, but had been met by a determined resistance. Wayne had penetrated to the Market Square; Greene, with the left wing, had forced his way nearly to the same point; but the British were recovering from the first shock, were bringing up regiments from the left and rear, the ammunition of Wayne's men had given out, a Virginia regiment had been surrounded and captured, it was difficult in the mist and smoke to distinguish friend from foe, and when the parley was beaten at Chew's, it was taken by many of the undisciplined Americans for the beating of a retreat. "We are surrounded!" cried some. "The retreat is beating!" cried others. And in spite of all the efforts of their officers, several of the regiments turned and fled.

As the confused mass came surging back, up the main street, breaking the lines of Sullivan's brigade, it was evident that all the chances of success had passed, and Washington reluctantly gave the order to retreat. And thus bad roads, and mist, and the mistaken delay as it proved at Chew's house, and the want of ammunition, and the misunderstanding of a drum-beat, lost the battle of Germantown.

CHAPTER III.

A handsome man, and, more, a lovable;
And, though an enemy, our honor bids
Due entertainment should be given him.

By eleven o'clock the battle was over. The mist and smoke alike had cleared away. The sounds of the conflict had subsided into the calm peace of a sunny Autumnal morning. And were it not for the holes and rents left in the walls and wood-work of houses by the passage of bullets and cannon-balls, and the stark and ghastly bodies of the slain, and the convulsed limbs and suppressed groans of wounded men, no one would have supposed that the hurricane of war had so recently darkened and deafened the apparently careless and unconscious heavens.

Seth Williams and his visitors, standing at his front door, had seen Cornwallis dash on after the retreating Americans at the head of his cavalry, all wet with the sweat and foam of their rapid gallop from Philadelphia—had seen the grenadiers and Highlanders, panting and exhausted with their six miles run, flinging themselves down to rest upon the sides of the road, and on the steps of the houses—and then had gone in to partake of a country dinner, which Mrs. Williams had prepared for them. The young ladies ate with but a moderate appetite, for they felt anxious, not only for their uncle, but for other officers of the British army whom they knew intimately, although Mrs. Williams's food was of the best, and served on the cleanest of pewter platters. A batter pudding which she had boiled in a bag, and which was eaten with butter and West India molasses, was of itself enough to have tempted the appetite of an epicure—if any epicure ever had a real and genuine appetite. But it was in vain she pressed her viands upon her visitors—they were too anxious at heart to enjoy anything but good news.

"Now," said Seth, as he rose from the table, "I will travel up towards friend Chew's, and see if I can find your uncle, young women, and let him know where you are, and that you are safe and hearty."

The ladies looked their thanks.

MARKET SQUARE, GERMANTOWN—AS IT WAS.

[From Watson's Annals.]

"As for Morris, I'm glad we got him so soon up stairs—for if any of those pesky soldiers should come peeking in here, they might make both him and us trouble."

Putting on his slouched hat, Seth left the house, and made his way up the street. Parties of soldiers were already engaged in carrying the wounded into the nearest barns and other buildings, where the surgeons were busily employed. Others assisted by the citizens were already burying the dead, several of whom, as Seth saw, had been plundered to the very skin, and were lying livid to blackness, and almost naked, on the sides of the road, where they had either crawled themselves, or been dragged by others.

"And these be Christian men, who rend and tear each other in this savage fashion!" thought Seth. "For my part, I never could call myself a Christian, if I took part in such horrid doings."

A short distance brought him to Judge Chew's place. Everything looked indeed as if a tornado had passed through there. The pleasant paths were torn up, the marble statuas and vases mutilated and overthrown, branches of the trees were broken off, and hanging over and strewing the walks—and the fair mansion itself, with its doors and shutters riddled with bullets, was torn with cannon balls, and blackened with fire and smoke. Above, scarcely a pane of glass or an entire window-sash remained. Soldiers were moving about, looking as dirty and grimy as the house itself,—their faces blackened with gunpowder, and their clothes torn and soiled.

"Where can I find the Colonel?" asked Seth of one of them.

The soldier looked at him for a moment, and simply pointed to the front of the house. "A cursed Quaker," said he to a comrade, as Seth passed on.

Suddenly Colonel Musgrave turned, and perceived him. Advancing towards him with rapid strides, he confronted him, saying,—

"You bring me word of my nieces? Are they safe?"

"Safe—but mightily distressed to hear from thee," replied Seth.

"How far off are they? I will go to them this minute."

"What, so near?" said the Colonel, when Seth told him. "Tell them I will come in a few moments, and ride with them to town as we had designed. Poor girls, they must be anxious to reach home."

Seth returned. And in a few moments Colonel Musgrave was at the door—and in his nieces' arms. He had escaped without a scratch—and was highly elated with his share in the fight. "We met and rolled back the whole rebel army!" exclaimed he, with pardonable exaggeration. "They dashed against our stone fort like waves against a rock—but they could make no impression on my gallant Fortieth!"

Helen smiled proudly, and kissed his bronzed cheek. "You are my own gallant uncle, my father's dearest friend; and the Fortieth is the bravest regiment in the service! But," continued she, "is any one hurt—any one that we know?"

A shadow settled on the Colonel's face. "Alas, the greatest victory will have its sacrifices. The cruel Moloch of War always demands its living victims. Many of my best and bravest officers and men are dead—and others maimed for life. Captain Campbell is dead. Legrange is wounded. Simpson has lost his leg. Orville his arm. Oh, it is a long, cruel list!"

"May God's mercy be with the dead and with the living!" said Isabella, fervently, while the tears stood in her eyes.

"And outside of your own regiment? Have you heard from the main body?" inquired Helen eagerly.

"Only partially. General Agnew is dead—killed almost at the close of the battle, and not far from this spot."

"It must have been that last sudden volley," said Helen; "startling us with its nearness, when we thought all was over."

"A small body of rebels threw themselves in his front from the side of the road; he was leading on his troops, but turned his horse to ride back as he saw them. They delivered a volley and fled, shooting him in the back. Alas, poor Agnew—he was a noble fellow!"

"Was General Grey's division in the action," pursued Helen, her cheek coloring a rather deeper red; "and is the General safe?"

"I have heard nothing to the contrary; he brought up the left wing in good time, and did good service. Trust our "No Flint" for that."

"Is Major Tarleton safe?" still queried Helen.

"And General Grey's aid, Captain André?" added Isabella, with a glance at her sister.

"Yes, I think Tarleton and André are both safe. I saw Grey for a moment, and he said nothing of André's being hurt, which he certainly would have done, if it had been so, for André is such a favorite of his—and of everybody's, for that matter."

Helen seemed at length satisfied. And the conversation then turned upon the young ladies and their adventures. Nothing was said however about "Moll of the hatchet," or the wounded American officer—the young ladies evidently not feeling quite certain of their ground, as their uncle, with all his kindness, had very little respect for rebels, and just at that moment especially, could not be expected to be in a very placable and forgiving mood. They introduced him formally, however, to Seth and his wife, and said how greatly they were indebted to their kindness. And the Colonel testified his gratitude in a few simple and manly words, ending with an intimation to them to let him know if any of the British soldiers gave them trouble, as he might be able to set matters straight.

"And now, girls," cried he, "let us mount and ride."

The young ladies went up stairs to get their riding caps, as they said—but also to say a few words doubtless to Lieutenant Morris, who, what with the rest and the rum and a little food, was already quite another man. He was still weak however from the loss of blood, though Seth said that his wound was by no means a serious one.

"I scarcely know how to thank you, ladies; you probably saved my life," said he with great earnestness, as they announced their intention of leaving.

"Oh, it was all Helen's doing," replied Isabella.

"Nonsense. I just happened to have the pistol, that was all."

"I suppose all such things just happen," said the officer, smiling. "Perhaps Heaven allows them to just happen;—but not the less is it true that to you, Miss Helen, I probably owe my life. And therefore I am in honor bound to hold it at your service. And will pay the debt, whenever you or yours need it."

"Lieutenant Morris," replied Helen, "what I did for you, I would just as freely have done for any other man—friend or enemy. And you pain me by talking as you do. You must not consider yourself under any such grievous burden of gratitude."

"Grievous! it is a pleasant burden!" replied the young man, enthusiastically.

"Girls! are you not ready?" Time is flying while you are fixing," called the Colonel up the stairway.

Isabella extended her hand—the young officer pressed it warmly. Helen extended hers—he took it and pressed it fervently to his lips. Snatching it away, and blushing crimson, Helen sprang after her sister, who was already descending the stairs.

"It takes you young ladies a terrible time to arrange your hair and put on your riding caps," exclaimed Colonel Musgrave, a little impatiently.

"Oh, Helen was dreaming, as usual, of the days of chivalry, and knights, and ladies fair," replied Isabella, archly.

"Helen is a—"

But a fair, soft hand was pressed over his lips, and intercepted the rest of the Colonel's sentence.

"Well, say good-by, and let us be going," resumed he, laughing.

Taking a warm adieu of Seth and his wife, and promising to ride out and see them before many days, the young ladies mounted, and resumed their ride under more favorable auspices, attended by Colonel Musgrave and his orderly—who rode behind in a very stiff and imposing fashion. Just before Isabella mounted, however, she had contrived to say in a low tone to Seth, that if anything occurred of interest to himself or his wounded guest, to let them know at once, giving him their direction in the city. And Seth had replied that he expected to be in town in a day or two, and would call in any event, and let them know how affairs were going on.

The road was considerably thronged as they rode down towards the city—alike with soldiers and with the inhabitants, who were gazing with deep interest on all the sad traces of the combat. The wounded generally had been by this time removed, but parties were still employed in burying the dead. At one place, just inside a field, a large shallow grave had been dug, and fifteen or twenty of the American dead lay beside it, as Colonel Musgrave and his party rode up. Stopping their horses at the side of the road, they gazed pitifully upon the solemn scene. The British soldiers began to lift in the bodies, placing the faces upwards. Suddenly the Colonel spoke:—

"Not so, my men; put them with their faces downwards. Let us not cast the dirt into their faces, for they also are mothers' sons."

"What a queer compound man is," continued the Colonel, half apologizing, as they rode on. "Here am I, fresh from dashing steel and bullets into the faces of live rebels—and yet tender of flinging a little dirt into the faces of dead ones."

"And you would not be my own noble uncle, if you were not thus inconsistent," replied Isabella, while Helen warmly assented with her expressive eyes.

Soon they reached the market place, where a number of officers were assembled, some on foot, some mounted, at General Grant's* headquarters. Many were the salutations, and more the looks of surprise, as the ladies rode by. Then a young officer followed, and riding up to the party, saluted the Colonel, and reined in his horse by the side of Isabella.

"Surely, ladies, you have not been in the battle?" said he.

"Not exactly in it—and yet in the midst of it," replied Isabella.

"I suppose you, Miss Helen, acted as aid to Colonel Musgrave—and this explains why the Fortieth made such a splendid defence. How could they yield, when they were defending the ladies?"

"My nieces were not with me, Captain, I am happy to say," said the Colonel. "I do not know where we could have stowed them safely—except perhaps in the wine cellar."

"We ingloriously fled the fight—though in obedience to our commander's peremptory orders," said Isabella; "and sought a harbor of safety in the house of a peace-loving Quaker."

"Well, I am glad you came safely through—and glad that I did not know of the perils you were exposed to."

"The battle was pretty well fought on both sides, I think, Captain André," said Colonel Musgrave. "Grey, I hear, brought up his brigade just at the right time."

"Yes—and if it had not been for the thick mist, which hid the enemy completely from view, I doubt much whether more than half of Washington's army would have got back to their old quarters."

"True, the mist was greatly to our disadvantage. And it is a shame that so audacious an attempt as this, should thus, by sheer good-luck, go almost unpunished."

"I am sorry I cannot ride on to Philadelphia with you, ladies," said André, "but this is of course a busy day at headquarters. How is Mr. Pemberton?"

"He was in excellent health and spirits, I believe, yesterday, when we left," said Isabella. "Have you any message for him?"

"Tell him I shall be in the city in a day or two, to see him—if he does not ride out to see me. Good-by, Colonel. Good-by, ladies—*au revoir*."

Returning his adieus, they rode on.

"That's a fine fellow," said the Colonel.

"Splendid!" replied Isabella. "He is, in the opinion of us ladies, the very Chevalier Bayard of the army—without fear and without reproach."

"A lucky fellow," continued the Colonel, "to have both the young men and the young women crazy about him. What do you think of him, Helen?"

"Oh, I suppose he'll do."

"Why, I thought, Helen, that André would just be a man after your own heart," said the Colonel, in a surprised tone.

"After Helen's heart? Why, uncle!" jested Isabella.

"Bella, there are some things which it is not pretty to jest about," said Helen, with offended dignity.

"Of course Helen understood what I meant," said the Colonel, who was not a very keen appreciator of a joke. "But as for André, why even Arthur Pemberton, who, I believe, is your great admiration, Helen, admires him to the utmost, if one may judge by their great intimacy on so short an acquaintance."

"Arthur Pemberton is the most splendid man I know," said Helen, decidedly.

The Colonel opened his honest eyes. "Well, Helen, all I have to say is, that I have no objection to Arthur Pemberton but one, and that is a very serious one—I do not believe he is more than half loyal."

"Oh, I have no intention of marrying him, uncle—nor he of marrying me. When I fall in love, if I ever do, it shall be with a thoroughly loyal man."

"Arthur Pemberton is as true and conscientious a man as the most loyal and devoted subject of the Crown!" exclaimed Isabella, her dark eyes kindling, and her cheeks flushing.

Helen gave a little laugh. "Of course he is, sis,—uncle knows I allow no one to abuse Mr. Pemberton, but myself."

"And yet, Isabel, I would rather not hear you speak in that way," rejoined Colonel Musgrave. "It seems to undervalue the great virtue and merit of loyalty—and fall in thus with the hateful rebel fashion of talking."

Isabella made no reply. And soon she began a conversation with her uncle upon the beauty of the autumnal woods, and the delightful temperature of the autumnal season in that part of the country, which lasted until they arrived at the house of Mrs. Pemberton, with whom they were residing.

*General Grant commanded the British right wing. He was probably of the same Scottish family that President Grant is descended from.

CHAPTER IV.

He shall not be molested. Mind, I say
He shall not! Tut—a foe! What care we women
For that?

Mrs. Pemberton—or Rachel Pemberton, as she preferred to be called—was a widow of considerable means, and a member of the Society of Friends. She lived with her only son, Arthur Pemberton, in a large brick house, which stood at that time on Chestnut street above Third—the grounds, pleasantly laid out, extending on the west and in the rear to Dock creek, which was large enough for boating and skating. Distantly related to the Grahams, and taking a warm liking to them on acquaintance, she had proposed to the young ladies to board with her so long as they should decide to remain in Philadelphia—a rather indefinite period. Brought from their school at Bethlehem before the war, by their father, who was an officer in the British service, and stationed temporarily in Philadelphia—they had eagerly embraced Mrs. Pemberton's offer. They had never known a mother's care, and in Mrs. Pemberton they seemed to find a mother. And at their father's death, which occurred at the breaking out of the war, they had felt the blow softened by the love and tenderness of the aged lady with whom their lot had been so opportunely cast.

Colonel Musgrave was an old friend of their father's, and had consented to act as their guardian. They soon learned to love him, and to call him uncle—though he really was not related to them. They had some property—not very much, but ample for their personal support—they were connected through their mother, not only, as we have said, with the Pembertons, but with others of the old Quaker families of the city, and were thus as advantageously situated as two orphaned girls could well be.

They were beautiful girls, or, rather, women. Finely formed, clear-skinned, intelligent, gay, and high-spirited. Isabella with dark eyes and dark brown hair—Helen with blue eyes and gold-brown curls; the first calm, self-poised and equable; the latter more impulsive—more a creature of the emotions and the passions. The one might be called the more queenly and charming, the other the more spirited and fascinating. Both were among the most bewitching women of a city, whose belles an impartial judge, Mrs. John Adams, termed "a constellation of beauties."

A day or two after the scenes already described, the two sisters were seated in a little sitting-room adjoining their chamber. Helen was tossing over a lot of old letters—reading a few lines here and there, and commenting on their contents. At last she broke out into a clear and ringing laugh.

"Just hear this, Bel! Now I want to read you what you wrote me about Arthur Pemberton, when I was at Bethlehem, and you here in Philadelphia on a visit."

"You need not trouble yourself to read it, Helen. I think I can remember it without a reading."

"Oh, but I must—in fact, I want to refresh my own memory," said the laughing tease. "Just listen, Bella:"

"'He is rather tall—but not too tall'—("not so tall that he cannot be conveniently kissed," interpolated Helen)—'his features are clearly cut—his eyes a bluish-gray—his chin dimpled—his mouth finely formed'—("just ripe and sweet enough," again interpolated Helen—) 'and then—"

"Helen, you would greatly oblige me by giving me that letter," interrupted Isabella, holding out her hand.

"Indeed I could not think of such a thing. Why, it is the very treasure of all my collection. Let me proceed—where did I leave off? oh, yes."

"'And to crown all'—("of course, that is very well said, to *crown* all; where should it be if not on his crown?")—'and, to crown all, the finest head of hair I ever saw—a light, shining auburn, negligently tied, and waving down the back. Loose flowed the soft redundance of his hair.'"

"Helen, you are too bad—it is shameful!" exclaimed her sister, her face a crimson, and making a successful dash for the letter, which she crammed into her bosom.

Helen made a counter-dash to recover it. Isabella ran around the room—getting behind chairs, jumping upon a sofa, and making a gallant running fight for the vexatious and precious document.

Knock, knock, knock.

"Are you not ashamed of yourself, Helen? You make so much noise that some one has been knocking at the door unheard for the last ten minutes."

"Who began it?" said Helen, defiantly—smoothing her ruffled plumage.

Knock! knock! knock!

"Coming!" cried Isabella, smoothing her hair with her hands, and going to the door.

Opening it, there stood Fox, the old negro of the house.

"Miss Bella, an old Quaker gemman of de Friendly persuasion is down in de parlor, waitin for to see de young wimmen by de name of Graham."

"It is Mr. Williams, Bel, by all that is good," said Helen, who was listening. "No use in fixing any more for him—let us go down at once. Tell him we are coming, Foxey."

They found Seth in the parlor. After their mutually warm greetings, Seth entered at once on the object of his visit. Lieutenant Morris was doing very well indeed—but the British provost, Captain Cunningham, had ascertained, in some way, that an American officer was lying in the house, had visited him, declared that he was plenty well enough to move, and was about to carry him off—either to the hospital, or to that den of horrors, Walnut street prison. It was only by threatening him with the indignation of Colonel Musgrave, Seth said, that he could obtain a respite until the afternoon.

"I did not like to mention your names," said Seth, "and yet I am afraid that Colonel Musgrave may hear of the matter from that brutal Captain, and say he knows nothing about the Lieftenant."

"Perhaps we had better write to uncle upon the subject," said Isabella to her sister; "and yet he will wonder that we said nothing about the Lieutenant when he called for us at Mr. Williams's."

"Yes, it is awkward," replied Helen. "But 'in for a penny, in for a pound.' Cunningham shall not have him! Could you find Captain André, if I should give you a note to him?" turning to Seth.

"Is he not one of those they call aide-camps, and along with General Grey? I think I know the young man—rather good-looking, is he not? dark-complected? brown eyes? almost always smiling?"

"A pretty good description," laughed Isabella—"though" (in a whisper to her sister) "hardly up to your standard, I suppose, sis. Helen, will you write to him?"

For answer, Helen opened the writing-desk attached to a large mahogany book-case, and wrote as follows:—

"Helen Graham's compliments to Captain André, and would be grateful if the Captain could do her a service. A rebel lieutenant, named Morris, is lying wounded in the house of Mr. Seth Williams, the bearer of this note, at Germantown. Mr. Morris is an acquaintance of Miss Graham's, and she wishes him paroled at once, and exchanged as soon as possible. The case is urgent, as Captain Cunningham insists upon taking him to prison. Explanations deferred till Captain André next visits the city."

"Cold and formal enough," said Isabella after reading it; but I guess it will work. To make all sure however, let me now write one to Colonel Musgrave, to be delivered if necessary."

Isabella's note also written, both were confided to Seth, with instructions not to deliver the second unless Captain André could not be found, or his exertions should prove unavailing. Then Seth mounted his steed, and departed in high good humor. As he rode up Fourth street, as rapidly as his old horse could well go, he murmured to himself,—

"Now, them girls may be Britishers—but they're what I call clear grit. That Helen in particular, is one of those females which take a man—I mean a *young* man—clean off his feet. Let's see what this Captain Andry will say. As for the Lefttenant, he's gone already, hook and line, rope and bucket—any fool can see that. But he's a rebel, and she's a Britisher—perhaps a tory. Ah, well, well, well!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OAKLANDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

CHAPTER I.

"And you *will* go, May?"

"*Must* go, Jack."

"*Must*! For heavens sake don't use that odious word!" said Jack Dormer, energetically—"women are famous for preaching up their duty to us poor delinquents." And I don't know that they are any better at performing it, than other people. It's all very well for old and ugly crones to make a virtue of their necessities; but it is down right absurd for a beautiful woman like you, to say she 'must do' anything that she doesn't *wish* to do."

"Then, if you like the expression better, I wish to go, Jack," I said.

"Are you so tired of me, darling?" he asked in such a tender tone that I lifted my eyes to his face for a moment, but they drooped beneath the ardor of his gaze while he passed his arm impetuously around my waist, and drew my half shrinking figure closer to his side. And the kiss with which he sealed my lips, told me better than words could have done, that many, many changes must come and go, ere Jack Dormer would willingly part from me.

Some persons may think it wrong for two people who honestly believe they are going to marry to kiss each other. I had no fixed opinions upon the subject at the time, and so Jack had repeated that silent declaration of his regard for me ere I drew quite away.

"Of course I don't want to leave you, Jack," I said, trying to look as if I thought of this reluctance to part from him, just as I should grieve to say "good-by" to dear Aunt Grace, or kind, good old grandfather, as a sort of duty too, "but Richard and Lou both want me to come so much, Jack. They need encouragement in their undertaking. Rich has been for me twice already, you know, and I don't think it would be kind to try his affection, or his good nature farther."

"Your brother Richard and his wife are not caring particularly about anybody but each other, so they can get along very well without you," replied Jack, with a long face. "But what am I to do? If it were midsummer, now, and the fashionable world were making itself as ridiculous as it usually does about getting to the country, it wouldn't be so bad. But here, you've just come back as everybody else has, and a fellow has hardly had time to realize that you are something besides a beautiful dream when you declare that you are off again. Think of the delightful operas, grand tragedies—Joe Jefferson, and all that, and you out in the bleak, desolate country with nothing but piny old fields to look at. Oh! don't, don't go, my darling May."

The summer temperature of the parlor where we sat, with all its dear familiar objects; the thought of fond friends "next door," across the street and for solid squares around; hourly ringings at the door-bell; merry voices coming and going; quiet evenings for church, and the fine excitements of dress, operas, &c., as I had just been reminded; and last but not least, the tender pleading of the dear voice whose deep, earnest tones I had learned to like so well, all these tender influences whispered "Don't go" with a potent, ineffable charm; while I almost heard the wind whistle across the "piny old fields" as I sat. But I thought of brave, true-hearted Richard, and hopeful Lou, bearing up under the wreck of their fortune, and gone out from the comforts still left to me to a little country place, where Richard's profession, with his limited knowledge of farming, was to make them a living, and my resolution was unshaken.

"I can look at Richard and Lou, and their dear faces will be company for me," I said seriously, as I suffered my hand to linger in Jack's. "How happy they will be to have me sit and talk to them of the friends they so seldom see now. It will cheer them until they get used to the great change." And my thoughts were lost in the picture as I gazed at the glowing coals.

"Very well, perhaps, for Dr. Chester and lady," broke in Jack, dryly, half angrily. "But who has any consideration for John Dormer, Esq.? If Miss Mattie Burr fails to amuse me, I think I shall get drunk every evening, or play cards all night."

I had seen Jack once or twice in my life when I thought he had tasted something besides his tea, and this unmanly threat provoked me a little, though I saw it was made with a sort of childish petulancy; but remembering his allusion to Mattie Burr, the smile came back to my lips. She was re-

portedly an old sweetheart of Jack's, and it struck me as so absurd, his trying to make *me* jealous. I didn't know the meaning of the word; and besides I should never have been afraid to trust *him* under any circumstances.

"You great, silly fellow," I replied with a laugh, examining the little charm upon his watch-chain, as if I did not know that it was made of a lock of my hair. "You talk as if I were going to Europe, when I shall be within twelve miles of your coming in at odd times; and when I get rather lonely out there, how nice it will be to look out at the window some dull evening, and see gay, jolly Jack Dormor driving up? Won't I be glad?"

"Will you?" he asked earnestly. "If I thought that, I should be almost willing for you to go, May. There will be some pease in visiting you at your brother's it is true, for I can have you all to myself down there, unless you get to flirting with some of those country fellows, and you are not a bit too good to do it, you arch coquette." I laughed at the idea of my playing agreeable to a company of rustic youths, and surveyed my face and figure complacently in a mirror across the room.

"Promise me, pet. Don't do it for my sake," pleaded Jack, in low, tender tones.

"Was ever anything so absurd!" I exclaimed. "Why, I don't expect to see anybody but you, the whole time I am there." Just then there was a sharp ring at the bell, and as steps were heard in the passage, a half-suppressed anathema broke from Jack's lips, while any one, to have seen him, would have thought he was hurriedly taking leave of me to go, as other visitors came in, but they found him coolly seated on an ottoman across the hearth.

My brother Richard was in the next morning to breakfast, and my heart was rather heavy despite my resolutions, as I looked out and saw his carriage at the door.

"I have some business to attend to, May," he said. "But I shall be through by eleven o'clock. Can you have all your trappings ready by that time?"

"Oh yes!" I replied, as cheerfully as I could, and I went out to see some friends who had called to bid me good-by. Jack was with me to the last, and punctually at eleven Rich looked in.

"The trunks are all strapped to the carriage, May, or more properly the carriage to your trunks," he said, "and we are ready."

He closed the door, as he went back, in consideration for Jack, I suppose. And a moment after I came out, ah yes! I remember, with a tear, not my own, upon my cheek. Richard's was a light, open carriage, and Jack helped to fold the buffalo robe about my feet.

"Mr. Dormor, whenever the duties of your office will allow, drive out and see us," said Richard. "The sight of a fellow in town clothes will do us good."

"Thank you, doctor," replied Jack warmly. "Duties or no duties, I shall test your hospitality sometimes." Then they shook hands and Richard giving a little flourish with his whip, we started off, leaving Jack standing dolefully on the pavement.

"The knight of the rueful visage," said Rich with a laugh—"Poor fellow! I've been all along there. But as Mr. Dormor intends to claim you altogether before long, Lou and I are of opinion, that you could not have a better place for making up frocks and ruffles and all that, than with us. But talking of Lou, won't the dear girl be glad to see you?" The "dear girl" had been a wife for three years, and a mother for two, but Richard was still romantic.

"What time shall we get there?" I asked.

"The roads are good, and my horses of the best," replied Dick, "so allowing for all reasonable delays, we shall reach home by one o'clock." Then he tapped the lovely bays lightly, and they sprang forward at a double-quick; their warm breath condensing in the frosty air, and looking in volume almost like the smoke from the pair of chimney stacks on the house we were passing. We fell to talking of home matters, and the time passed quickly enough. We were almost constantly meeting conveyances of every description, besides men on horseback, and I was glad to see that nearly every one seemed to know Richard, and to return his cordial greeting with interest.

"Here we are!" he said at last, and by the time I could lift my veil he was kissing Lou. As she saw me, she sprang forward with a glad cry of welcome, and well nigh lifted me out in her arms. Oh Jack! Jack! in spite of the sad picture of your face as it looked back at me to the last, I was very, very glad I had come!

The dwelling was a pretty cottage, after the Swiss style; and I recognized Lou's acknowledged taste in the convenient arrangement of the furniture and the appropriate adornment of every room as I went on a tour of inspection from one to another. While we were still chatting pleasantly the dinner bell rang, and we went down.

The dinner was fresh and charming, as only country dinners can be; but there was no loitering for form's sake; and while Lou wiped her own china, as the cook we had called her an hour ago—but now the housemaid, for she was the only female servant, except the small nurse, on the place, handed it to her from the warm water, I gathered up a handful of crumbs and went out into the yard.

"Richard," I called, as I saw him feeding a cow under a shed some fifteen or twenty yards from the kitchen, "where are the chickens?"

"Where is *what?*" bawled Richard, as he came towards me and caught an inkling of my design.

"The chickens," I replied, demurely. "I want to feed them."

"Where are the 'boys of my youth,' and the 'girls too?' as Artemus Ward says," he responded, with a serio-comic air. "All grown up, or barbarously slain. What a theme for an essay! May asking of November, 'Where are my chickens?'"

I laughed too, as I threw the bread to his dog, and then I wandered around, rattling the dead leaves of the trees with my feet as I walked over them to the big gate at the front yard; and leaning my head upon my hand, I looked about me. Just beyond me was a forest of woods, and as their branches waved to and fro in the chill winter's air, its sad murmurous breath came to me like the dying notes of a requiem, and something in my heart (have we not all experienced this emotion at times?) sent back a responsive echo, until reality was lost in blended dreams of the dead past and the shadowy, impalpable future. I did not feel the cold, did not remember that aught so insignificant as I could form a feature of that sublime, yet saddening prospect, as I murmured,

"God made the country, and man made the town;"

until Lou's arm around me and Lou's kiss upon my cheek recalled my wandering thoughts.

"What a picture for an artist, dear, you have been," she said. "I watched you as long as I dared let you stand thus"—and she threw a shawl of Shetland wool about my shoulders—"in the vain hope that some one might pass and see you. You mirror the sunset. Your hair seemed like burnished gold; and Richard's 'medicine' or this nipping atmosphere has dyed your cheeks 'deeply crimson,' and your eyes with their soft, far-off look, were blue as heaven's ether."

"If the artist could paint me on canvass as you, poetess, have done in words, I should not object," I replied, laughing. "But I am glad you have come. You can point out all the landmarks to me. Where does the girl live who you said was waiting to 'crony' with me?"

"Fanny Moreland? In the white house to your left. She will spend the day with us to-morrow."

"And who in the house half hidden by the trees?"

"The Meltons—a very nice family. There are twelve of the children, I think. Two very agreeable young men, Richard says."

"And now for the grand old stone house to the west," I asked, "whose window panes look like flames of fire in the sunset? It looks as if it were built out of the ruins of Eniscard. I have been speculating about its inmates, while

"'Slowly, slowly up the wall
Steals the sunshine, steals the shade.'

"I like it; but I hope there is no young girl there."

"No," said Lou; "neither young nor old—in stress nor maid. That is 'Oaklands,' the far-famed residence of Colonel Gerald Granger, and nothing in the form of woman has darkened his threshold since his mother's death—many years ago."

"His fame has never reached me," I said. "Tell me about him. Some old miser, I suppose?"

"Nay," replied Lou, earnestly. "He is but forty-three or four—the hero of twenty battles, and a courtier and scholar, as well as a soldier."

"Lou is on her hobby now," said Richard, coming up behind us. "She will write a novel, yet, upon the subject of 'Oaklands.' What do you think her scheme is, May? That you are to storm the old chief in his castle and take him captive."

"Is he a foeman worthy of my steel?" I asked, laughing. "How does he look?"

"As straight as a board, and grim as a bear," said Rich. "Never ventures out of his cage, and snarls at any one that approaches it."

"Oh, do cease, Richard!" said Lou, earnestly. "May, he is soldierly in bearing, a tall stately figure, and a splendid face. He is a barrister, too, by profession, and is reported to be a man of great eloquence and learning. I want you to catch him, May, and live there."

"He is caught, already, from Richard's account," I replied, jestingly, "whether his duress be voluntary or otherwise. But perhaps he is not to be had for the asking. Lou, since Richard would have to make the proposition in the old feudal way, there being no possible chance for it to come from him, as he is likely to remain in blissful ignorance of my existence."

"But Fannie Moreland and I—he is a distant relation of Fannie's—have just determined that you are to see him," continued Lou. "He could make some good woman too happy to be allowed to live there by himself all his life. He is just the man for you, May."

"The rats and the mice would run away with my pretty sister," said Richard, lightly. "But Mrs. Chester, you forget the existence of a young man, vulgarly yclept Jack Dormer, who will by no means be content to play second-fiddle in your life-dance. See how May is blushing!"

"Pshaw! I am not giving that boy-and-girl affair a moment's consideration," replied Lou, evenly. "Mr. Jack Dormor may do for one of May's beaux well enough to take her to the opera and show her off generally; but of course nobody is thinking of her marrying him."

"So that's a strong spoke to keep the wheel of a woman's existence going, is it?—to encourage a set of fellows to run around and spend their money *to show you off*," said Richard, dryly. "Lou, I am ashamed of you; I trust my sister would never allow such shallow, heartless, corrupt motives to influence her."

"Lor! Richard, just listen to you," said Lou, opening her pretty eyes very wide. "As if every fashionable woman didn't do exactly that."

"May Heaven keep my sister, as it has done my wife, from ever being a *fashionable woman!*" ejaculated Richard, earnestly. "I had rather see her married to Tom Brown, Mrs. Melton's honest plowman, to-morrow! But to return, what objection have you to Mr. Dormer for a brother-in-law? *He* is rich, and that is the *ultima thule* of a woman's aspirations now-a-days."

"Not always, dear, replied Lou, looking up at him tenderly. "But if Mr. Dormer is rich, so is Colonel Granger."

"Hear the silly woman!" said Dick, looking archly at me, "seriously pleading for Colonel Granger—a man sworn to die in the orders of bachelordom—to a romantic young girl about to be married to some one else."

"Well, at any rate," replied Lou, as we turned back to the house, "I hope May won't marry Mr. Dormer just yet. He is so young—lacks *character*, and then, he hasn't got sense enough for her either."

"You are wiser than I am if you know anything to his discredit," said my brother, flushing up on my account. "John Dormer is young, an amiable fault that will mend with time; and he may be something fresh just now, but every one regards him as a fellow of promise."

"I know all that," returned Lou unyieldingly; "but what I mean is, he wants *caste*—stamina, or position, so to speak. I don't like to hear of a woman whose husband is continually in the background, and if I were May I wouldn't have him—that's just it!"

I felt the blood mount to my face, and I dared not trust myself to speak. Richard was really provoked I could see; but I was thankful that Lou did not observe me closely. I escaped from them at the door, and running up stairs to my room I indulged in a good hearty cry. I considered Lou more unkind than I had ever supposed it possible for her to be; though I knew she was not fully aware of the very good understanding between Jack and myself. And I think I felt it all the more that I was conscious even then of a something underlying all my feeling for him, that whispered me there was truth, if it was unpleasant truth, in what Lou had said.

CHAPTER II.

"What is the matter?" I cried the next morning, starting up in bed. "Is any one ill?"

"No, marm," replied the servant, "I'll just make your fire; and by the time you dress, breakfast 'll be ready."

I got up, bathed in the fresh water, and putting on a crimson morning-wrapper, ran down with my hair hanging about my shoulders. It was so delightful not to have to "fix."

"Are you going anywhere, Richard?" I asked.

"I am going to get the hands to work," he replied, "and see that they do a good amount of it before it is time for me to visit my patients."

"But you don't mean to tell me you have breakfast at this hour every morning," said I, "when some of your old associates are scarcely through with supper yet?"

"This is our regular hour."

"Poor thing," said Lou. "You need not be disturbed every morning in this way. I can manage to keep breakfast warm for you."

"Not so!" returned Richard. "She must take it with us. It will do her good. Don't you fear but that she'll fall back into town habits easy enough when she returns. I want her to see something of country life."

"And give her such a distaste for it that she will never wish to try it again," said his wife. "I don't want to run that risk."

"Never mind, Lou. The novelty is agreeable to me," I returned. "When it ceases to be so we won't listen to Richard."

I relished the breakfast, however, more than I had done any in the city at a fashionable hour for months; and when we rose from our seats, Richard went out to his work, while Lou busied herself in the discharge of her household duties. When I became convinced that my proffered assistance was an impediment rather than otherwise to her quiet dexterity, I sat down and stitched on one of the interminable "ruffles;" but my fingers, deft at this, kept nevertheless such slow time to the full pulsing of my young blood that I dropped it for a book, and being still dissatisfied, went out and opened the front door to look abroad. A big man on a very big horse had ridden up to the steps and obstructed my view. I could not retreat, so I stepped out and bowed. I noticed that he was clad in a coarse, common garb that had not even the advantage of being tolerably new, so I confined my observations after that to the horse, which was really a very pretty one.

"Is Dr. Chester at home, madam!"

"I think so," I replied. "At least I will ascertain." I went back to the breakfast room, but Lou was not there. "Has Richard gone?" I asked the nurse.

"I expect he's at the stable or barn yet, miss."

I took the baby in my arms and bade her run and tell him that some one wished to see him.

"Who is it, May?" asked Richard, coming in.

"I don't know. He is at the door."

"Did you ask him in?"

"I? No, indeed. He is some rough working man who wants to see you on business, I suppose."

But Richard was already in the passage.

"Good morning, Mr. Bruce. I'm delighted to see you," he exclaimed, cheerily. "Get down. Get down."

There was a tramping of heavy boots on the porch, and they went into the little parlor.

After awhile Dick came back again.

"Mr. Bruce asked me what pretty girl you were, May. A compliment you scarcely deserved, after your ugly conduct in keeping him out in the cold. Not ask him in, indeed! Why, that man could buy me and all our folks in town out a dozen times, and never miss the money. He's the nabob of all this country—wants me to go and see his sick child. So, for my profession's sake, ask every one in hereafter. Mr. Bruce is as haughty a patrician as you would meet with in a month's travel, and does me the honor to promise that he will send his daughter to see you."

This was a part of my first lesson that clothes do not always make the man. Dear Richard, so tempered with philosophy have always been his plainest teachings!

An hour or so later Fannie Moreland came. She was a pretty, fresh young creature, and as Lou had predicted, we were fast friends in no time.

"Miss May is more like the portrait of Lena Marston than I had even supposed from your description," she said to Lou; and then she turned laughingly to me, "Has Mrs. Chester told you how she and I have decided to dispose of you?"

"To the master of Oaklands," I replied in the like vein. "But I fear he is joined to his idols and will none o' me. By-the-way, why has he never married? You do not mean to flatter me by supposing that he would hold me superior to all the women he has ever seen!"

"Be but equal to the only one of whom he ever took any serious notice, and you will weave a spell about him to which the labyrinth of Crete would be as nothing," replied Miss Moreland, pleasantly. "He fell in love when quite a young man with a schoolmate of my mother's, a Miss Lena Marston, who lived a few miles beyond us. They were confessedly engaged to be married, and he, princely in everything, lavished the costliest gifts of art with the yet rarer, but to her worthless, treasures of his heart upon her. A false report arose that his property was supposed to be seriously involved, and a few weeks before the time appointed for their wedding she came home, escorted by a wealthy merchant from a distant city, and quietly married him the following day. Colonel Granger has never spoken to any one on the subject. He has faced all his duties like a man and discharged them, has even gone into gay society when occasion required, but he has never loved any other woman."

"It was quite enough to shake his faith in our sex," I replied, "and you flatter me indeed by insinuating that I could revivify all the broken and dead fragments of that great heart when his more charming neighbors have failed to do so."

She bowed in acknowledgment of the compliment.

"But you possess the talisman or open sesame without which our efforts would be in vain," she said. "You are strangely like **his first love.**"

"You have excited my interest, if not my ambition a great deal," I laughed. "But I should fear most for the very reasons you have mentioned. The associations would not be pleasing to him. I grant you, however, that I have ever felt the deepest interest in cross, misanthropic men who have passed the greenness of youth. There is something—something I know not what, in strong, solitary suffering, that awakens in the gay and thoughtless even a feeling—not of pity—oh, no, not of pity, but of tender reverence."

"Hear how solemn she has grown!" laughed Miss Moreland. "So we will set our man-trap, Mrs. Chester, making bait of your sister, and see if my gloomy cousin isn't caught. If *three* women putting their heads together can't out-general, or, rather, *out-colonel* one man, why let us never plot again."

"Amen!" said Richard coming in. "And three such pretty women, to boot—or let us say two, as May is to be simply passive. If I come to your aid, how shall we begin?"

"Don't want any recruit that has to be drafted," said Lou. "We'll take her to church Sunday."

"A very good place," said Rich, solemnly. "But how is that to help you? 'The prayers of the wicked——"

"You medicine our bodies, and not our souls," interrupted Miss Moreland. "You are ruled out. So we resolve ourselves in secret session for the future. You may tell us all about your patients, now, doctor." And the Bruce family and others of whom I had not heard were discussed.

Fannie Moreland—we had already dropped the "Miss" by mutual consent—was easily prevailed upon to spend the night. She occupied my room with me; and I woke up at "roll-call," as we jestingly termed it, with a laugh.

"I have been dreaming of Colonel Granger," I said, "and thinking he was to be married to you. You don't know how jealous I was."

"A good omen," said Fannie, "when we have been bed-fellows for the first time. I named the poets for you. Look at this one!"

Lou was amazed, and Richard acted comedy and tragedy by turns.

An hour or so after breakfast Fannie left, and we fell into a quiet routine of life—undisturbed for three days. On the fourth, Sunday, Miss Moreland came by Richard's invitation to go with us to church, her own carriage being broken. She had told me that the master of "Oaklands" frequently attended divine service at the church of the same name, which he had built on his own estate. And though I had regarded every mention of him, relating to myself, as the veriest jest, I found myself dressing with an anxiety about my appearance which I had seldom experienced in the great crowded city.

"Only one direction, dear," said Lou, as I went up stairs—"handsome, but not gaudy."

I had a blue-velvet walking-suit—with bonnet and gloves to match, and I wore no showier set of jewelry than a handsome one of jet; but I don't think I had ever looked better in my life; Richard and Lou both told me so when I went down. There were any number of saddled-horses, carriages, and buggy-wagons in the church-yard when we drove up, and my cheeks were flushed with an unusual excitement as Richard introduced Mr. Melton and Mr. Binford, who gave us their hands to assist us out. The congregation sang a hymn as we entered, and I, who had walked up richly-carpeted aisles, timed to the deep notes of an organ, with the least self-consciousness possible, found it impossible to raise my eyes from the bare floor, until Richard, I think, had handed me to a seat. The plain oaken benches were crowded, so that I sat on the end of one—apart from Fannie and Lou. The broad light of day streamed in through the high, blindless, plain, glass windows, like the very smile of God. I handed my gold-clasped hymn book to the girl in the calico dress, on my left, as regardless of the numberless indications that may divide society into grades elsewhere, as if she had been the favorite protege of Madam Grundy. In stripping religion of some of its worldly accessories, it seemed to me to be suddenly invested with tenfold grandeur. I felt that it was good to be here, where life who looks not to the outer adornments of our perishing bodies, divests us of our borrowed ornaments, and reduces the rich and the poor of this earth—side by side—to the just value of his or her own attributes of mind and soul. The sermon had no fine bursts of oratory, but it was solemn and impressive, and I bowed my head with more than my accustomed reverence at the benediction.

"How mean not to glance at me during all this long time!" whispered a voice, and turning, there was Jack Dormer beside me. There was a sudden recoil at my heart. I did not know exactly whether it was pleasure or pain, and holding out my hand, it was clasped in his as in a vice. The country people, who frequently did not see each other from one church time to another, talked around us with more freedom than I was in the habit of seeing; and imitating their example, I introduced Jack to Fannie Moreland, and moved forward with Lou.

"Colonel Granger is not here, and I am glad of it, as it turns out," she whispered, coldly.

She presented me to several ladies; and when we were in the yard again, more young men came up—some of them not looking a bit rough, but with "store-clothes," and nice-fitting kids—like Jack's.

"You go home with us of course, Mr. Dormer," said Richard.

"Thank you, doctor, yes." There was quite a press around the carriage; I was a novelty, and must of necessity take. "Can I not relieve you of a part of your charge?" asked Jack, and my heart beat quick.

"You have the horses that came so near killing a young lady last week," said Richard. "I am afraid to trust them."

"I loaned them to the fellow who drove, and he didn't know how to manage them," replied Jack, but I was already in our carriage. "Miss Moreland," he continued with a slight flush on his cheeks, "I assure you Dr. Chester's horses are not safer, and as you may at least find more room in my conveyance, perhaps you will do me the honor."

"I am never afraid of as pretty a turn out as that," replied Fannie to my infinite relief, and bowing to me with a smile on her pretty lips, she suffered Jack to lead her to his glittering double buggy.

"Somebody is provoked, I know," said Richard as we drove off.

"I am," said Lou. "It is such a pity he came to church to-day. Every one will think May is engaged, and she might as well have had the ceremony performed before them."

"It will spoil your fun smartly, if you want to be a belle," said Richard, looking at me with a quizzical expression.

"Then I'll make him come on the sly," I returned, laughing. "Or he shall make Fannie believe he was curious to see her."

"That's honest," put in Dick, in his comic tone, "I like that. Can't you pass Lou off as a single woman next?" Rather ashamed of my proposed strategy, I looked back, and saw Jack and Fannie in high chat. "They are getting on charmingly," I said. "So we need not bother ourselves about them."

Arriving at home, I ran up and removed my hat before Fanny came in.

"What a very, very charming fellow" she said. "Poor cousin Gerald, it is well he did not turn out this cold day to have his heart broken a second time."

"Indeed you mistake," I replied, telling a downright fib—though I was not quite so hardened but that I had to turn away my head to hide a blush. "Jack Dormer and I were children together, and he likes Richard equally as well as he does me."

"He has never been out to see Richard before, however," replied Fannie archly. While to escape her jests, I went down, leaving her to remove her cloak, and arrange her curls at leisure. I tripped hurriedly into the parlor, and finding Jack alone, I felt as if I had been a little unjust, or unkind, and to make amends, I ran up behind him, drew his head back with one hand, and lightly kissed his forehead.

"That may be all very nice here," he said, sullenly. "But I should have liked a little more kindness at church. You were displeased at my coming, or why in the furies did you palm that girl off on me, when you knew I wanted you?"

"Miss Moreland will be flattered, I dare say," I returned, assuming a little dignity. "But I don't think I am at all responsible in the matter, as you voluntarily solicited the pleasure of her company."

"You know I was provoked," he returned. Though I must confess she is an unusually pretty and pleasant girl. "But a man don't enjoy such happiness as he ought, when it isn't the woman he loves. I was mad enough almost to make the horses throw her out for spite."

"It didn't look much like it as I glanced back now and then, and saw you talking to her," I replied, affecting to be a little jealous, and the tone brought Jack round in a moment.

"I didn't know how pretty you were, or how much I loved you, though God knows I was miserable enough when you left town, until I saw you in church to-day," he said, tenderly. "And then to think you should refuse to ride with me."

"It would have made me so conspicuous out here," I said. "And you know we haven't exactly had our banns published yet."

He didn't like this last hit so much either, but I quieted him in a few moments, and made him even agree to pretend to be pleased with Fannie whenever it should please *me* to have it so thought.

We had quite a talk before dinner. But when we left the dining-room I had Fannie back into the parlor with us. Richard and Lou came in also, and we were laughing and chatting quite gayly, when steps were heard in the porch, followed by a knock at the door. Richard went out and returned with Messieurs Melton and Binford. I was silly enough then to be a little surprised at the perfect freedom from embarrassment, and at the same time the marked courtesy of manner, with which these young men entered the room and fell into conversation with us all. There was not a single contravention of decorum in look or word, while there was a pleasing lack of the airy Lothario characterizing so many town fops, that was quite refreshing. Mr. Binford was modestly informing me of the sensation I had created at church when Fannie Moreland broke in—

"It is perfectly useless to be telling Miss Chester all that, Mr. Binford. They may admire her if they will, but I warn them she is bespoken."

"We feared as much," he replied with a smile, and just the slightest look at Jack.

"We have decreed that she is to storm the castle of Oaklands, make captive the chatelain thereof, and throw open its doors to the civilized world. In short that she and Colonel Granger are to fall in love with each other."

"I have no doubt that even an *old* and tried a soldier as the Colonel"—(and the handsome fellow, in the pride of his own youth, slightly emphasized the first adjective) "would at once throw down his arms, and remove draw-bridge and portcullis could he but behold the fair conqueror to whom he should render homage. The lady's part might be more difficult. Has she seen the gentleman referred to?"

"No," I returned jocularly. "That happiness—if it is to be allowed me at all—is yet to come. Indeed my interest has been greatly aroused, and while I have no doubt but that the effect produced upon me would be similar to that of the Count of Paris on the fair Brenhilda, I fear I should want that lady's charms in the eyes of your modern knight."

"That point of the case is not under consideration," said the senior Melton. "And if we could take away a score of years from the Colonel's age, or add them to yours, we might admit the feasibility of Miss Moreland's scheme. As it is, we warn her that she may expect an armed opposition." There were other jests upon the subject, in which Jack, who had continued to eye the intruders with no marks of favor, joined, if at all, with a supercilious shrug of his shoulders; and to my relief the Colonel was forgotten in the discussion of other topics.

"I trust you will remain in the neighborhood until after the Cristmas holidays, Miss Chester," said one of the party. "The festivities of the season here are usually pleasant, and the promise of sundry rustic dances may amuse you from their novelty at least."

"You may then have an opportunity to test my appreciation and enjoyment," I said. "And I promise you they shall be of a higher order than you describe."

After some other light discussion they took leave of us.

"Fannie," I said when they were gone, "suppose these young men should inform your kinsman of the jokes at his expense. If he is the man I take pleasure in fancying him to be, he might be seriously offended."

"Oh, never fear," she returned with a laugh. "Not for their weight in gold would one of them approach Col. Granger with sufficient familiarity for that. He keeps the world at arm's length. They may encounter him on the court green, go to his house and sit with him at meals, but still there is a sort of '*noli me tangere*' about him which they cannot penetrate. It is the armor or veil which years gather about an object of interest, and which only the rude hand of an iconoclast would tear away."

All this and much more had begun to excite my fancy about this unknown man, until I found it difficult to banish him from my thoughts. And when Fannie had slipped out a little later and started across the field home, I walked with Jack down to the gate and pointed out the bare, frowning house upon the hill.

"It ought to be called "Bleak House," said Jack. "I can fancy the old fellow in his 'growlery.'"

"Or Ingemisco—from the convent by the sea," said I. And yet notice what gambols the shadows of evening play about it. I picture him, like the abbot Ernestus, musing thus:—

"'Round me, o'er me, everywhere,
All the sky is grand with clouds;
And athwart the evening air
Shadows take the form of shrouds.
Shafts of sunshine from the west
Paint the dusky windows red;
Darker shadows deeper rest,
Underneath, and overhead,
Darker, darker, and more wan
In my breast the shadows fall;
Upward steals the life of man,
As the sunshine from the wall.'"

"You and Miss Moreland are peculiarly pathetic about that fellow," growled Jack, savagely. "Poetry, and all that sort of nonsense, over a darned old rheumatic miserly centenarian, who is sitting this minute with his rusty boots above the fire, squirting tobacco-juice 'round him, o'er him, everywhere"—thinking of the next assizes."

I laughed at this homely antithesis of my picture: and we went back to the house. Jack spent the night, of course, Lou and Richard being exceedingly kind; and we sat together until eleven o'clock, when I bade him good-night. But there was a feeling of unrest in my heart, for which I could not account—and it was long ere I fell asleep. We were up ere the dawn, the next morning, as usual; for Jack wished to return to town by the general business hour; so there was no need to delay breakfast on his account. In fact, he had ordered his buggy to be brought to the door, before the bell rang; and when we came out there was no lingering adieu. I stood on the porch as he took the reins from a servant and jumped in.

"That's a handsome dog," said Dick, as he drove off.

I said nothing; but my heart assented as he reached the gate, and turning his face towards us, for the last time, smiled, brighter than the rising sun, waved his hand to us in a final adieu, and was the next moment whirled out of sight.

We turned into the house. And I going up to my room, cut the pages of "the last novel," which he had brought me, and sat down by the window to look over it. I was becoming deeply interested, when I remembered that Lou had asked me to read it aloud to her. So I got up and ran down the steps with it in my hand. Richard was in the yard talking to a man, whose horse seemed panting as if it had been ridden very hard. Lou stood at the door with a strangely white face, and made a motion to shut it as I passed, but my brother came in at the moment and closed it behind him.

"May," he said, and he put his arm around me, "I have something to tell you. You are a woman of sense, so don't take on. John Dormer has been thrown from his buggy, on the road below here, and severely hurt."

I tried to look up in his face, to read his meaning there; or to see if he had meant more than he said; but a mist came over my eyes, and I knew no more.

CHAPTER III.

When I opened my eyes I was lying on the chamber bed, while Lou bent over me and bathed my face with camphor.

"Where is Richard? Cannot I go?"

"No, dear," she said, tearfully. "He left hurriedly, you know, both to render aid, if necessary, and to send us some sure intelligence. So you can only be still."

"Oh! poor, poor Jack," I sobbed. "And I was mean enough not to be glad to see him yesterday at church! It is a judgment on me, Lou."

"Hush, pet; we can only hope," she said.

And I covered my face as I begged her to tell me just what the messenger had reported.

"He and another man came upon the horses and empty buggy tearing along the lane; and after stopping them, they found poor Mr. Dormer a hundred yards distant, lying on the roadside insensible. He left his friend to take care of him, and if possible restore life, while he galloped on after Richard. Let us trust his account may be a little exaggerated."

I knew then that I had heard all for the present, and I closed my eyes as if I were falling asleep. Presently there was the clatter of horses' hoofs in the yard, and Lou went to the door. "A note from Richard," she said, coming back. I held out my hand, and read:—

"Mr. Dormer is now quite conscious and doing well. He was heavily stunned and bruised by his fall, and has a broken arm and perhaps collar bone. He is able to give an account of the accident, and a few days' nursing will bring him round. We are taking him to Mrs. Moreland's, the nearest house. Will give you further particulars as soon as I can return. R. C."

God knows the tears I shed over this little crumpled paper were those of unfeigned joy; and if as I fathom the great depths of my love to-day, I know that there could have been no grand, holy thanksgiving within them, I will be honest, Jack, and say that I knew it not then.

Richard came home awhile after that, and his good, hopeful face recalled the blood to my own.

"Mr. Dormer is quite comfortable now that his bones are set, and sends lots of love, May," he said. "Mrs. Moreland and Fannie have done everything in their power, and insist that I take you both over this evening."

"It is worth a broken arm to see your darling face again to-day, when I had so little counted on it," whispered Jack, passionately, when Lou and I went over in the afternoon with Richard. "I almost wished those infernal horses would break my neck when I started from church yesterday." I returned the pressure of his hand, and he told us again about their getting frightened and dashing off like mad with him as soon as he was out of our sight in the morning. "Your groom had treated them too well, doctor," he laughed, excitedly, "and they wanted to show their spirit. They happened to tear over a stump and dash me against the fence, or I should have conquered them though."

"I am my own hostler, and consequently that of my guests," replied Richard. "A good horse is too noble an animal to trust to the doubtful mercy of a hireling; so the blame, if any, attaches to me; and with this double sense of responsibility, I desire those ladies to do all the talking, (not a painful one to them, I'll warrant) while they command you to be perfectly still. You will feel much worse to-morrow necessarily, and I assure you every present exertion will aggravate your distress tenfold. Use your senses of sight and hearing, then, as you will, and I'll stake my professional word that when it is over neither you nor any other wise man will ever regret having kept a still tongue for one evening."

"Why, doctor," he replied, astonished, "I intend to send in to-morrow for my driver, and make him take me back on Wednesday. They are uneasy about me now, I know."

"You can write a left-handed note to your father," returned Richard, "which will be very right, and you can send for any man who does not value his neck to take your wild horses back. But if your bones and bruises luckily heal on a *primum mobile*, you will have to be carried to my house, to which I design taking you on Thursday with great care."

I was surprised myself, as I saw Jack was, at this professional fiat; but I noticed that he seemed exhausted with what he had said, and that he leaned back on his pillow not unwillingly silent while we talked to each other. Mrs. Moreland—Fannie's mother—was one of the gentlest, sweetest ladies I had ever known, and she seemed to have taken quite a fancy to me, as I unquestionably had to her, so the evening passed away very pleasantly indeed. We remained until after tea; and though Mrs. Moreland and Fannie urged me to spend the night, and Jack's big blue eyes were full of pleading, I returned home.

"It is better that you go," said Richard when we were out. "His internal injuries are severe, and I have urged Mrs. Moreland to keep him perfectly quiet. I fear Harvey will be dangerous company for him during the night."

Harvey was Fannie's only brother, a youth of eighteen, who had been appointed nurse for want of a better.

The next day Richard reported Jack with a high fever, and we were sad and anxious about him. His father came out that evening and seemed much concerned. He declared that Jack must get rid of his horses immediately on his return to the city, or expect his serious displeasure. Richard pronounced his son out of all danger the next morning, and he left again for home. It was Sunday before Jack came over to Woodlawn—Richard's place—and he looked so pale and feeble that all the tenderness I had ever felt for him was aroused. It was something new to me to be playing nurse about a hale, hearty young gallant like Jack had been, and he declared that my presence was far more healing than all Dick's medicines. I am sure he was more than pleased to lie all day on a sofa, and have me read or talk to him, while Lou passed in and out, bringing him some light refreshments.

"Send over for Miss Moreland," he said, one morning, "she is a charming girl, and I like to see you two together. And do you know, beauty, she plays a better game of chess than you do?"

I wrote a note for Fannie, to which Jack added a line, and she returned with the messenger.

"How I was going to abuse you, if you hadn't come," said Jack, who really was very grateful to her, and liked her very much. "Miss May is heartily wearied out, and you will relieve each other."

"Don't think I had any idea of slighting such pleasant company," replied Fannie, in a natural way. "It isn't to be had every day." And we were laughing and talking more cheerfully in a few moments. Jack began to walk about without assistance now, and a day or so after Richard consented to take him back to the city in our carriage. I was to accompany them, as I wished to do a little shopping.

Mrs. Melton had called with her husband and a daughter of sixteen, and had put us all in high spirits. "My sons have persuaded me to give a little dance next week," she said, pleasantly, "although I have no grown daughter, as you see, and I cannot refuse them. It will be no formal ball, Miss Chester, so I hope you will come to enjoy a country gathering, without ceremony."

We accepted the invitation with cordial thanks, promising ourselves much real pleasure on the occasion. And Fannie and I were soon in close consultation as to what we should wear. "And May," she whispered, "I am going to see that they ask cousin Gerald Granger." My heart beat faster at the thought of meeting this unknown person, and we went on with our programme. Jack was about well, except that he still carried his arm in a sling, and was urged to remain over, but he declined, with thanks, declaring that he had scarcely come prepared for such a stay. I am not sure but that I was pleased at this, for Jack was rather disposed to be jealous and watchful of my movements; and we drove into the city on the third evening before the party. Richard and I passed the night in town, Fannie Moreland remaining with Lou; and after running out the next morning to make a few purchases, we returned to the country. For the next two days nothing was talked of but the party; and I am sure I ran up and down stairs, fifty times that evening, with my hair in every process of arrangement. We carried our fixings in a trunk, and drove to Mr. Melton's in heavy dresses and cloaks. Several young men came to help us out of the carriage, but my head was so completely enveloped in a veil that I did not see who. There were a good many young ladies in the

room to which we were shown—some of them already dressed prettily, and some of them undergoing the troublesome process of decoration, but all laughing and chatting in quite a glee; while the random notes of a violin, touched now and then as a reminder, by some not unskillful hand below, came over and anon above the din, and hastened them in their toilets. I was amused at the furtive glances cast at me, by some of the plainer girls, while I donned a puffed tarlatan, with pink-satin overskirt and bodice, low in the neck. It was a dress that I had about laid aside in town, but one that was exceedingly becoming, nevertheless, and which I knew would look well by country lights, as the admiring eyes of the young ladies aforesaid duly testified. While I fastened some flowers in my flowing hair, Cissy Melton came in and handed me a card, on which I was asked to dance the first, second, and third sets with her brothers and Mr. Binford. Determined to enjoy myself to the fullest extent, and "without ceremony," as the lady of the house had requested, I caught up my gloves and ran down with her. Mr. Thomas Melton met me at the foot of the stair.

"Thank you, Miss Chester, I am glad the others are not ready. I want to make some of these country fellows open their eyes. Cissy, run in and tell the musician to play a waltz. You dance the round dances, of course."

I nodded an assent. And the music striking up a moment after, we entered the ball-room. A broad open space was given us, for only a few married ladies were present, and we had the floor to ourselves—the gentlemen keeping as much as possible to the wall. When we were quite tired, the other ladies were coming in—and Mr. Melton giving me but a moment to breathe, led me to the head of the floor. There were one, two, three—twenty introductions before the first set was over; and my tablets were soon filled with names enough to keep me dancing until twelve o'clock the next day.

I don't know that my telling my own story need compel me to keep back the truth. So I can positively say, that I was quite a success.

"I'm sorry for Tom Melton," said a tall young man, who did not dance, but worked his way around to me whenever I stopped. "It is all over with him."

I suppose he meant that Mr. Melton was falling in love with me; but there was no time for anything farther, as the young man himself returned at the moment, and took my hand for a *galop*.

"I am sorry we couldn't afford you the happiness of seeing Colonel Granger, to-night!" he said. "I went down to Oaklands twice, but the servant reported him still in the city attending the Supreme Court."

Recalling it now, I am sure I felt a pang of regret; but it was soon forgotten, in the genuine excitement of the evening. I was astonished at my own flow of pure animal spirits. I don't like to think of the impossible nonsense I talked to everybody; or the number of strange young men who told me I had broken their hearts—though that would not have been a very serious affair, perhaps. I was amazed when Richard came to me, saying it was dawn, and I must prepare to return home. I went up to change my dress—and the mirror showed my eyes wholly undimmed by the revel; and cheeks that burned with a feverish glow.

I sat up all that day with unflagging spirits; laughing at Richard's and Lou's dejection. About sunset—still declaring myself not a bit tired—I fell asleep in an arm-chair by the fire. Somebody aroused me—I don't know who—and I went up stairs and got my clothes off somehow, and got into bed.

Lou's face was the smiling one the next day at one o'clock.

"Come, May," she said, "you have surely slept long enough. Get up and take some breakfast, or dinner, as you prefer."

My stiffened limbs would hardly support me at first, as I put on a dressing-gown and sat before the fire. I could not repress a half mortified laugh, as I looked in the glass. My eyes were more red than blue, and the lids puffed as though I were bloated with scenic. Richard tried to twist his face into a chronic sympathy.

"Better bathe your face in camphor or cologne-water," he said. "Tom Melton and some of your victims will be down here in an hour or so."

"They surely have better sense," I replied, dismayed. And I am glad to say I was right.

The next morning I felt more like a live person, but was still dull and depressed. I looked out of my window at the "Bleak House" on the distant hill, and envied its lord the calm which I supposed had come upon him, after the fever of youth. And I fell to thinking about him, until the quiet prospect tortured me. I don't know what put the idea in my head; but I took up my port-folio and commenced to write. I think I must have been under some sort of inspiration, for my thoughts flowed freely, and with unprecedented force. It was a rapt apotheosis of the philosopher who could disdain the intoxicating cup of the world's vanities, and stand of himself, solitary and alone, sufficient unto himself—waiting patiently amid the dull reality of the present, for the vague, undefined promise of another life. Touching upon the disappointments of his early life—those stepping-stones by which the feet of the weak and irresolute are betrayed, and the stout and brave are led upwards toward the Deity. I assured him, in impassioned language, that there was one heart in the universe he scorned, that would throb in sympathy with his own, until it fell to dust. I had no fixed intention, until the pearl-gray sheet of French paper was filled with my fine rounded hand. When I took up an envelope, directed it, and sealing the letter within, tied it with a package of several I had written, and gave them to a servant of Richard's, just starting, to be mailed in the city. Then I walked down to the gate, and stood gazing at the solemn stone house, until the sound of horses' hoofs aroused me—when looking up, I beheld Mr. Tom Melton and several gentlemen, too close at hand for me to retreat. I think I must have been blushing, after they had dismounted and fastened their horses.

"I am glad the light of day attests how idle have been our self-reproaches, that we held you to your engagements for every set the other night," said Mr. Melton. "I was fearful that the tax upon your strength, if not on your amiability, had been too great, and that we should find you indisposed, while your brightness rather shames our manhood."

I assured him I had not escaped so entirely as he might suppose, and gave them a laughing account of my experiences the day before. I went with them into the parlor, as I was, of course, and talked desperately, until some one led me to the piano, when I sang and played everything that was asked for. I was beginning to feel considerably overcome in the effort to entertain the six, when they opportunely took their departure.

There were several consecutive days of rain, and when it had passed away, Fannie Moreland came in, bringing a brightness, cheerful as that of the sun.

"Oh! May, whom do you think I passed in the road just now? Why were you not with me?"

"Can't say," I replied, indifferently. "Mr. Melton?"

"Mr. Piddlesticks. Cousin Gerald."

"Ah!" I said quickly. "Then he has returned home."

"Yes, and I don't suppose will leave again very soon."

"Just think how pretty May looked, and he couldn't be at the Melton's party the other night," said Lou half provoked.

"Mamma is in for our plan," replied Fannie, "and we are going to make another effort. I came to tell you all, we propose to give another party at our house next week, that is on Christmas Eve. And there being no court, Colonel Granger must receive a timely invitation, which he is too courteous to slight, whatever might be his inclination, I shall write him a note to-morrow."

"How nice it will be!" I said, delighted.

"I thought of sending an invitation to Mr. Dormer also, said Fannie, a little embarrassed. "Do you think he would like to come?"

"I am sure of it," I replied. "He admires you extravagantly, Fan. If you'll have Colonel Granger, then I'll recommend you to Jack."

"I shall provoke Mr. Dormer so completely by the first measure, that he will scarcely be disposed to listen to the second" she said laughing. "But it is a bargain nevertheless. By the way, mamma says you must return with me, and talk to her about it." I went with her back after dinner to spend the night. And what with the discussion about who should be invited—the supper, the proper arrangement of the furniture, and above all, what we should wear; it was one o'clock before we fell asleep. The Morelands were not people to do things by halves; so arrangements were begun, and Harvey dispatched to town with orders the next morning. Fannie started a boy with a note to Colonel Granger, and I waited to hear the result. A prettily embossed card, very modern in appearance, was returned, thanking his kinswoman for the favor, and assuring her in neat terms that he should do himself the honor to be with her on the appointed evening—just such a reply as any sensible young man might have made. Perhaps I had half expected him, in hermit style, to return a sharp rebuke to them for having supposed it possible that he could engage in anything so frivolous: at any rate my preconceived ideas were a little dashed, and I went home wondering if the old wound in his heart had kept bleeding all these years, or if it had healed and become callous, like the sabre thrusts he had received in battle. I am sure I thought a great deal more about seeing him than I did about Jack, and the days were slow and heavy in spite of a great many calls, until the 24th of December came.

The morning dawned, blank and dreary, and the atmosphere grew colder and colder as the day advanced.

"I shall not take my horses out to-night," said Richard. "It is about a quarter of a mile, and you and Lou must put on galoches and we will walk rapidly over. I shall allow no suicidal, gossamer costumes such a night as this, of course." I was rather taken aback, for I had seriously thought of a crisp, white India muslin that I had packed away somewhere; but I was in a strange, don't-care-sort of humor, that was the more remarkable considering the fever I had been in all along. I sat dreamily in a double merino wrapper before the fire, and took but little note of the hours as they passed away.

"The white dress with my best lace and blue sashes would be so pretty, I wonder what makes Richard so foolish," I muttered. The low, sad murmur of the leafless woods beyond the road, came to me where I sat, and a freezing blast of air as the door was opened, might have been a satisfactory answer. "Not beginning to dress yet," said Lou, looking in astonished. "It is getting late, and if ever you looked pretty I want you to do so to-night. What are you going to wear?"

"I don't know," I replied, drearily. "You know when Richard takes up a notion it has to be carried out."

"It is well that it is so, perhaps," said Lou, "for it is bitterly cold. Some of your comfortable dresses will be more becoming to-night. You would look blue and frozen in those big rooms with a thin party dress on. Your green silk will be elegant and tasteful."

"I will see," I replied. "I don't much care somehow." I got up and walked to the window. "It is cold—very cold. I expect this grim misanthrope will send his excuses, and I shall be disappointed after all." I opened my wardrobe and took out a handsome gas-light green silk. "I'll need that in the city when I go back," I thought, "and these maladroit country dancers will trample on it at every step, and half of my Brussels lace flounces will be left in the floor. I shan't wear it. Jack would like me as much in a calico, and what right have I to care for any one else." I sat down again, brushing out my hair, and yielding myself to the mesmeric influence, until Richard's voice calling to hurry up made me bound from my seat. My mind was made up in a moment. I took down my blue velvet walking-dress, and hastily put it on, with a simple little point lace collar. Then I wrapped the everlasting jet ornaments about my neck, and twining a wreath of blue velvet leaves among my hair, I caught it together above my brow with a small diamond pin of Jack's I had been wearing, and went down.

"I didn't know you had an idea of wearing that," said Lou.

"Nor did I half an hour ago," I replied.

"Never looked as well in her life," said Richard. "And every man in the house will approve her dress, which is all she need care for, I suppose. I had expected Jack Dormer to call for you, but he may not come, and we had better start."

A heavy cloak and furs did not save me from being thoroughly chilled. And I ran eagerly into Mrs. Moreland's room to the fire.

"Now that is sensible and beautiful," said the mistress of the house, approvingly. "Here is Fannie in a low-neck, and I have been begging her to change it."

But Fannie protested, as young girls always do, that she was never more comfortable in her life, and went away to receive her other friends and take them to the dressing-room. I had been sitting over the fire with a half somnolent feeling that almost made me hope they would allow me to sit there all night, when she came back for me in about an hour.

"I thought you were in the parlor," she said. "Mr. Melton is all impatience, and the dancing about to begin."

I got in in time for him to take a place with me in the set, of which I was very glad, for I did not care to be kept still; and after that I did not feel the cold. I think it must have been an hour later that I noticed half-a-dozen strange gentlemen enter together, and I touched Fannie, who chanced to be standing near me, with my fan—the idlest ornament I could have held. "Your kinsman, Colonel Granger has arrived."

"Where! Yes! How did you know?" and she passed through the crowd to greet him. I had singled him out at a glance, and knew as positively that I was not mistaken, as though I had known him all my life. I saw a man of medium height—possibly half an inch or so beyond, with a lithe, good figure, straight as an arrow, clad in a suit of rich black, buttoned tight at the waist, and unrelieved in color, save by the snowy plaited bosom and the gloves he held in his hand. His face was fine—not better-looking than several others in the room—and striking at that distance only by the strong contrast between his clear, transparent complexion—straight black hair—did it have a thread of silver?—and the heavy moustache, that curved back towards his cheek. "I am disappointed," I thought. "He is too young looking by half. There are no lines of care; that make the hero in my eyes. He has never suffered, as I have been tenderly dreaming he had." Mr. Melton, now, laughingly called my attention to him, when I pretended to look for the first time; and Mr. Binford, simultaneously scanning across the floor, told me, with a joke, of what I had seen before either of them.

"Make the most of to-night, or you won't enjoy many opportunities to carry out Miss Fannie's scheme, in your youth and mine," said the former, pleasantly. And I felt the tell-tale blood mounting to the roots of my hair, as I looked up and saw Fannie smiling mischievously, and the redoubtable Colonel Granger bowing low before me. His eyes were large and black; but they didn't "look into my soul" at all, or give me any insight into his, while he said something in the usual way about my being quite a charming addition to the neighborhood—as if he had taken any interest in, or known anything about the neighborhood, since I was born—and hoped I would be his and Fannie's vis-a-vis for the next set. Mr. Binford was peculiarly jolly when we took our places, about the veteran soldier "doing the light fantastic" so gracefully; but his ease of manner and step was unaffected, in spite of the smile now and then, that seemed to say that he was joining in the amusements of the evening under a good-humored protest.

"I don't think I have danced before for fifteen years," he said, when it was over, as he came up to me, with a ring of genuine merriment in the laugh with which he greeted some remark of Fannie's; "but my partner here, Miss Chester, encourages me so much by the assurance that I did not put her entirely out, as to emboldon me to claim your hand for the next."

"I am engaged for the next four," I said, handing him my tablets. And writing his name for the fifth, he moved on. When the time came round, he was at my side.

"Your friend, Mr. Dormer, was full of regrets that he could not come out," he said, naturally, touching a young man on the arm to make him give way. "His father, one of my oldest friends, is very ill."

"You know Mr. Dormer, Jr., then?" I returned, blushing again—I had not thought of poor Jack since my arrival.

"I was introduced to him yesterday, for the first time, I think, when I called to see his father on some legal business. A pleasant young man."

And I said "Yes," very sheepishly, I am afraid.

Just as the dance was through, supper was announced, and he gave me his arm.

"Do you like the country well enough to leave the city at its maximum of gayety?" he asked as we walked out to the time of a pretty little march. "The opera is in full blast. I know most of the regular-goers by sight, and had missed you for several weeks. I had not thought of your being out here with your brother."

"Do you attend the opera?" I stammered in astonishment.

"Oftener than is consistent with the sense of duty by which an old soldier should regulate his conduct, I fear," he responded with an amused smile; "though I prefer one of Shakespeare's tragedies to the fashionable operatic rage."

I told him somehow that my brother's claims upon me were higher than any selfish consideration when I first came to his home, but that I had already formed an attachment for many of the people, that bound me to the neighborhood by ties of daily strengthening interest as well as obligation.

"How much of the 'interest' and 'obligation' may Mr. Tom Melton individually claim?" he asked suddenly, while the knowing smile upon his lips put my self-possession to a shameless rout, and I stammered like a country school girl. In fact the masterly, perfect coolness of his manner kept me so on my guard that I scarcely spoke at all; and I think he was rather relieved when the supper was over and he had led me back to the ball-room.

After this I missed him for so long that I thought he must have left, when Fannie came up, saying that her mother wished to speak to me a moment, and led me to the sitting-room.

"Come here, Miss May," said Mrs. Moreland pleasantly, seeing me hang back at the door as I beheld Colonel Granger seated composedly by her side. "I want Cousin Gerald to see you, good;" and putting her arm around me, she walked me up in front of him, while I felt as if my face was glowing like the live coals in the grate. "And she don't remind you of anybody you ever knew?" she said.

"I must still say no," he replied in his clear, cold tones, "though you may spare Miss Chester's blushes, for as I was telling her to-night, I have seen her often under the direct glare of gas chandeliers. Yet, stay! Standing by *you* thus, with her golden hair and blue eyes, she for the first time recalls our old friend, Lena Marston, to my mind. The expression of the faces, however, is entirely different."

His eyes were unclouded as they dwelt upon me. Were there any garnered memories in the man's heart, treasured up in spite of disappointments from the past far behind him, when this Lena Marston had been the promise of his youth? His steady, unfaltering tones at the mention of her name mocked at the ready sympathy that was waiting to gush from my own soul. "The master of Oaklands may have had love dreams years ago," was my mental decision, "but it has been so long since they haunted his pillow that they are forgotten. Even Ambition, his later mistress, has lost the freshness of novelty, and so chilled all the enthusiasm of his devotion." I saw that he was thinking as little of me as he was of the revellers we had left, and with a resolute effort I sat down and joined in the less personal conversation that followed. I was at my ease in a moment, determined that he should not set me down as the prettily dressed doll-baby I may have appeared. Remembering that a great criminal was on trial before the City Court of Appeals, I questioned him with regard to the probable results to the prisoner, and commended the eloquence of a distinguished barrister engaged in the prosecution, who was personally known to me.

"As great a pleader with the ladies as he is at the bar," said he, turning his eyes rather searchingly upon me. And we spoke of some generally discussed incidents of his private life. While we were thus engaged Harvey Moreland appeared at the door.

"Miss May, Tom Melton has sent me to ask you if you are ill. He has broken two engagements because you were not present to fill the first."

"See," said Colonel Granger, with a smile to Mrs. Moreland, "what a high crime even we old people have been guilty of on such an alluring occasion. Miss Chester let me lead you back to your post of duty. I am going to presume upon your present kindness, however, to ask a still greater favor. Let me have the pleasure of seeing you home to-night, as I understand you had the good sense to walk over, and my way lies through your brother's yard? It will be the first occasion that a young man might have envied me for years; and—I dare say it will be the last."

This was small encouragent to grant it; but I had no other engagement, as I told him, so it was understood that he was to accompany me. Tom Melton and Mr. Binford each bit their lips in vexation on hearing my answer half an hour afterwards, when Richard held up his watch before my astonished eyes, and declared his resolution of returning.

"The ladies from a distance will be compelled to remain until daylight, and the dancing will continue," pleaded the former. "Why create the vacuum which a first departure always makes on such an occasion? In any one else it would be unkind. In *you* worse than cruel; for many of us will be 'treading a banquet hall deserted' indeed when you are gone. Do stay. Doctor Chester may rest assured that we will make up a regiment for safe escort if necessary."

"I should esteem her perfectly safe in your hands, Mr. Melton," Richard replied, with his well-known politeness. "But remember I am looking at it with the eyes of a professional man. She has danced quite enough for health, and with deference to your judgment in this, for rational enjoyment. I think she had better go."

Lou was already equipped; and when I went to Mrs. Moreland's room for my wrappings Colonel Granger was still there.

"Do you leave so early, Miss Chester?" he asked with an appearance of surprise.

"It is half-past three," I replied timidly again. "And my brother, on scientific principles, as he says, considers it time to adjourn, "but I must insist that you do not let me hurry you."

"Your brother is a married man," he replied, "or he would never confess to the lateness of the hour at such a time. What does Mr. Melton say?" As I could not tell him of the left-hand compliments just passed upon himself, I said nothing, and bidding the lady of the house good-night, I gave him a mock courtesy, and hurried out. He overtook me in the hall with a laugh. "A clever stratagem," he said, "to get rid of me, but my feelings have been blunted by time, and I am not so easy to shake off as some of your younger ——friends might be." He drew my hand through his arm, and we went out into the clear, frosty starlight. "You had better put on your gloves," he said in a tone such as Richard might have used, "or you will have to wear them a month in the house to atone for this exposure."

"I left home without any" I replied, fearing he would think it very inelegant in me to have attended a party thus. "Richard hurried me so that I forgot them."

"The neighborhood will have to take Dr. Chester to task," he said now, as though he had been speaking to my little niece who was just beginning to lisp my name. "He should remember that time was made for slaves, as the old saying goes, or for professional men like himself and me, which is the same thing. I suppose he limited you to a few hours for your toilette?"

"To something less than fifteen minutes" I returned, rather provoked at his tone, "as my sister can testify. But that was long enough. I did not care a great deal."

"The elements however are strangely insensate," he replied with a colder courtesy, and perhaps just the faintest ring of something like melancholy in his voice. "They will have even less compassion on the fair and tender complexion of sixteen than on mine, which has stood the rough blasts of nearly fifty winters. You must put on my gloves," and he stopped resolutely, until I had no alternative but to draw them on.

"You may bring us upon something a little nearer equality with regard to age at least," I said pointedly, "by deducting something from your own, and adding six to the sixteen with which you were kind enough to credit me." Looking up in the starlight, I saw that his dark moustache curved slightly as with a smile, but he said nothing, and I was resolute not to break the silence again. Richard opportunely looked back here.

"Colonel, I fear we may have hurried you out into the night air?"

"My dear doctor, if I may speak unprofessionally, I should have been glad of an excuse to leave three hours ago. The day to business, and half the night to pleasure, if we can find it. But surely good old nature might claim the balance. How dearly will those watchers pay for the dawn when they look out on it with haggard face and weary limbs! Nights like this are like the assault of an opposing army, with drums beating and banners flying. There may be something to the novice wildly exciting and alluring, but we veterans know that it brings destruction with it. The smile of beauty—and when do we grow insensible to *that*?—shakes the philosophy of years, and the battery of a pair of eyes readily pierces the poor breastplate of stoicism. Gatherings and pursuits like those of to-night are sadly retrogressive. They throw us back in the march of life."

"And is not life short enough and devoid enough of anything like enjoyment, for us to welcome the chance that delays its progress and causes us to forget its work-a-day moil?" asked Richard.

"I grant you," he replied, composedly; "but the result is not to me, and I question if it be with any one, as you describe. It makes day of night, but it robs us of to-morrow, and perhaps many more days. With the weariness that must come on us in a few hours, shall we not experience a recoil,

"'Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh?'"

"'*Petigit rem acu!*" said Richard, laughing. "But come in, colonel, and spend the rest of the night with us."

"I thank you," he replied as he released my arm. "But I could scarcely trespass upon your kindness or patience to await the late rising in which I shall indulge to-morrow. I may do myself the honor of paying you an especial visit, however, before very long; and in the meantime learn the way to Oaklands, doctor. I am sorry I cannot extend the invitation to your lady and Miss Chester; but you will not find it haunted, or filled with ogres, as the vulgar may report. Good-night."

As I reached my room I heard the gate close on him, and feeling that he who had been and could be nothing to me was gone from my life forever, I fell upon my bed, all dressed as I was, and wept myself to sleep.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOME OF FISK'S ESTABLISHMENT.

They are selling by auction portions of the estate of the late James Fisk, Jr. We all know that the man lived in magnificent style, and some particulars of his establishment cannot fail to interest. His horses, carriages, etc., are thus advertised: Three very stylish and showy teams of black horses; the celebrated military saddle-horse, "Bincher;" chestnut Morgan road horse; lady's bay saddle horse; two very fine teams gray carriage horses; bay Morgan road horse; two elegant clarences, built to order; four and six-in-hand drags, built to order; elegant park phaeton; set six-in-hand gold mounted harness; Portland-built sleigh; robes; dress, road and stable blankets; whips; ladies' saddles; military saddles, with equipments, &c. Among other things offered for sale are two hundred and fifty canary birds, with elegant gilt cages. These birds are all educated songsters, and accompanied the 9th Regiment band on board the Narragansett Steamship Company's steamers Plymouth Rock, Bristol and Providence. Also, a magnificent musical box, with solid gold and silver working model of steamer Providence, made to order, at a cost of $2,500. The ladies are especially invited to attend, and the dear ones will doubtless turn out in force, for such a chance is not offered every day.

☞ A Wisconsiness swallowed a penknife and feels the loss of the article keenly.

☞ MIND YOUR STORE.—Among the replies to an advertisement of a music committee for "a candidate as organist, music teacher," etc., a vacancy having occurred by the organist's resignation, was the following: "Gentleman—I noticed you advertisement for organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years, I offer you my services."

☞ A poetic individual who visited Niagara not only heard the flood, but "saw its wild fierce smile."

COUNTERFEIT NOTES on the following banks are circulating freely—look out for them:—Twos on Ninth National Bank, New York city. Tens on National Bank of the State "in" New York. Tens on National Bank of Commonwealth, New York. Tens and twenties on National Bank of Commerce, New York. Twos on Marine National Bank, New York. Tens on Marine National Bank, New York. Tens on City National Bank, Auburn, New York. Twos on Union National Bank, Kinderhook, New York. Tens on First National Bank, Lockport, New York. Tens on Highland National Bank, Newburg, New York. Twos, tens, and twenties on Market National Bank, New York city. Twos on St. Nicholas National Bank, New York city. Tens on Farmer's and Manufacturer's Bank, Poughkeepsie, New York. Tens on Flour National Bank, Rochester, New York. Tens on Central National Bank, Rome, New York. Tens on Third National Bank, Philadelphia, Pa. Tens on Mutual National Bank, Troy, New York.

☞ In the county of Argyll there is a small country inn bearing the laconic name of Drnimtighmhicillechattan.

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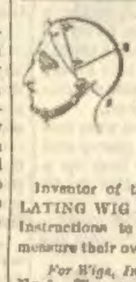

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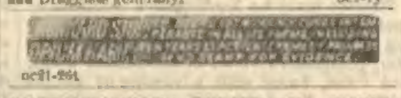

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WIT AND HUMOR.

TOO SOCIABLE.

The following extract is from Mark Twain's new book, entitled "Roughing It," now in process of publication. It is an amusing illustration of a back-settler's view of New York life:—

In Nevada there used to be current the story of an adventure of two of her nabobs, which may or may not have occurred. I give it for what it is worth.

Colonel Jim had seen somewhat of the world, and knew more or less of its way; but Colonel Jack was from the back settlements of the states, and led a life of arduous toil, and had never seen a city. These two, blessed with sudden wealth, projected a visit to New York—Colonel Jack to see the sights, and Colonel Jim to guard his unsophistication from misfortune. They reached San Francisco in the night, and sailed in the morning. Arriving in New York, Colonel Jack said:

"I've heard tell of carriages all my life, and now I mean to have a ride in one; I don't care what it costs. Come along."

They stepped out on the sidewalk, and Colonel Jim called a stylish barouche. But Jack said:

"No, sir. None of your cheap-John turnouts for me. I'm here to have a good time, and money ain't any object. I meant to have the nobbiest rig that's going. Now here comes the very trick. Stop that yaller one with the pictures on it—don't you fret—I'll stand all the expense myself."

So Colonel Jim stopped an empty omnibus and they got in. Said Colonel Jack:

"Ain't it gay, though. Oh, no, I reckon not! Cushions, and windows, and pictures, till you can't rest. What would the boys say if they could see us cutting a swell like this in New York? By George, I wish they *could* see us."

Then he put his head out of the window, and shouted to the driver:

"Say, Johnny, this suits *me!*—suits yours truly, you bet! I want this shebang all day. I'm *on* it, old man! Let 'em out! Make 'em go! We'll make it all right with *you*, sonny!"

The driver passed his hand through the strap-hole, and tapped for his fare—it was before the gongs came into common use. Colonel Jack took the hand, and shook it cordially. He said:

"You twig me, old pard! All right between gents. Smell of *that* and see how you like it!"

And he put a twenty dollar gold piece into the driver's hands. After a moment the driver said he could not make change.

"Bother the change! Ride it out. Put it in your pocket."

The omnibus stopped and a young lady got in. Colonel Jack stared for a moment, then nudged Colonel Jim with his elbow.

"Don't say a word," he whispered. "Let her ride if she wants to. Gracious, there's room enough."

The young lady got out her porte-monnaie and handed her fare to Colonel Jack.

"What's this for?" said he.

"Give it to the driver, please."

"Take back your money, madame. We can't allow it. You're welcome to ride here as long as you please, but this shebang's chartered, we shan't let you pay a cent."

The girl shrunk into a corner, bewildered. An old lady with a basket climbed in, and proffered her fare.

"Excuse me," said Colonel Jack. "You are perfectly welcome here, madame, but we can't allow you to pay. Set right down here, mum, and don't you be the least uneasy. Make yourself as free as if you was in your own turn-out."

Within two minutes, three gentlemen, two fat women and a couple of children, entered.

"Come right along, friends," said Colonel Jack; "don't mind *us*. This is a free blow out." Then he whispered to Colonel Jim. "New York ain't no *sociable place*, I don't reckon—it ain't no *name* for it."

He resisted every effort to pass fares to the driver, and made everybody cordially welcome. The situation dawned on the people, and they pocketed their money, and delivered themselves up to covert enjoyment of the episode. Half a dozen more passengers entered.

"Oh, there is *plenty* of room," said Colonel Jack. "Walk right in and make yourselves at home. A blow-out ain't worth anything *as* a blow-out, unless a body has company." Then in a whisper to Colonel Jim, "But ain't these New Yorkers friendly? And ain't they cool about it too? Icebergs ain't anywhere. I reckon they'd tackle a hearse, if it was going their way."

More passengers got in, more yet, and still more. Both seats were filled, and a file of men were standing up, holding on to the cleats overhead. Parties with baskets and bundles were climbing up on the roof. Half-suppressed laughter rippled up from all sides.

"Well, for clean, cool, out-and-out cheek, if this don't bang anything that ever I saw, I'm an Injun," whispered Colonel Jack.

A Chinaman crowded his way in.

"I weaken," said Colonel Jack. "Hold on, driver! Keep your seats, ladies and gents. Just make yourselves free—everything's paid for. Driver, rustle these folks around just as long as they're a mind to go—friends of ours, you know. Take them everywheres; and if you want more money, come to the St. Nicholas, and we'll make it all right. Pleasant journey to you, ladies and gents; go it just as long as you please—it shan't cost you a cent."

The two comrades got out, and Colonel Jack said—"Jimmy, it's the *sociablest place* I ever saw. The Chinaman waltzed in as comfortable as anybody. B' George, we'll have to barricade our doors to-night, or some of these ducks will be trying to sleep with us."

"WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK."

A Hartford friend tells a good story of one of our most distinguished citizens:

Col. Samuel Colt was in his life time disposed sometimes to be rather pompous. When he was building dwelling-houses for the workmen employed in his great pistol factory, he one day encountered a boy picking up chips on his grounds.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, gruffly.

"Picking up chips, sir," replied the youngster, evidently unawed by the great presence.

"Perhaps," exclaimed the Colonel, drawing himself up with swelling dignity, "you don't know who I am. I'm Colonel Samuel Colt, and I live in that big house up yonder."

The boy straightened up and swelled out and answered: "Perhaps you don't know who *I* am. I'm Patrick Murphy, and I live in that little shanty down yonder," pointing in the direction.

"Sonny," said the Colonel, blandly, patting the boy on the head, "go on and pick up all the chips you want, and when you get out come back for more."—*American Publisher.*

A Crushing Retort.—It has no doubt been observed how servant girls who but imperfectly speak and understand our language, often, rather than ask for explanations, pretend to understand directions given them when they do not. The following is of that class: A Dutch servant in our employ was told to go to the barn and bring a half-bushel measure. She was gone some time and returned, bringing an old hen. The laugh that greeted her annoyed her, and she exclaimed, "Better as you fetch your own dings, ain't it?"

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 10.

THE TRAP-DOOR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

It is a pretty scene to a lover of nature. A large old-fashioned farm-house, set squarely down upon an eminence, and blinking in the radiance of a September sunset, from its eye-like windows.

Every door and window stood invitingly open—there being two reasons for this condition of things—the one, that the September air was nearly as soft as summer, the other less romantic, inasmuch as the newly plastered interior needed drying.

Farmer Goodwin had been busy since haying, in repairing the capacious house, which, with the farm, had descended in a legacy from grandfather to father, and then to the son—its present owner.

Matters on the farm for two or three years had prospered finely, and this very autumn by the sale of a piece of heavy timbered land he had folded away in the capacious family wallet the neat sum of two thousand dollars.

The faint suggestion of repairing the house that Mr. Goodwin made, was caught up by the girls, Martha and Susan, and the old gentleman had no more peace until he went at the matter.

"Hammer and tongs!" ejaculated the father, "if we start about it, where will it stop?" One part of the house needs looking after as much as the other."

"Certainly" said mother Goodwin. "Take the four rooms below to have plastered, and while you are about it finish the chambers overhead."

"While this goes on, are we to live in a barn?" quoth he. "We can manage a week in this pleasant weather, to live in the L. There's the dining-room and our bedroom—"

"But the girls?"

"Land sake, pa! we can put a bed into the store-room off the summer kitchen."

"My sakes!" said mother, and that risky trap-way in the middle of the room, and right over the deep old cellar. Father, I do wish that you would see to that place; it gives me the fidgets to think of it."

"Can't do everything, ma'am; howsomever, the gals can sleep there by straddling their bedstead over the old trap-door."

"And there's that tiny little fire-place that you never would let us use," said Susan; "we could pick up some pitch-knots, and play keep house," and the merry young girl laughed at her own conceit. Martha, the elder daughter and oracle of the family, thought the matter over, and declared that she and Sue could get along finely in the little unused apartment, while matters were drying off in the house.

"Because, father," she added, with a slight chuckle, "it will be so nice to be all fixed up before husking and apple-bee time."

Thus it came to pass, that on this lovely September day circumstances about the farm-house were just as we have described.

Early that very morning the good man and his wife had taken the old sorrel mare, and driven fifteen miles to the city to look up a bit of new furniture to put in the south parlor.

Go to Aunt Downing's and stay all night—give our love to Mary and Grace," were the parting words of the girls.

"Shut up early; and I'd take Tiger in from his kennel if I felt any scared," was what mother said last.

"Look out for my pocket-book, gals," warned the old gentleman; "you had better look after that, for no knowing but that your dowrys are in there;" and with a good-natured laugh, the old couple drove away.

"Now for a regular holiday," said Sue, merrily. "What shall we do to pass away the lonesome time."

"There is plenty of work," said practical Martha; "beds to make, churning to do, and pillow—"

"Don't, don't enumerate," pleaded her gay sister. "Give me so much to accomplish, and then I want to play."

Martha pinched her sister's rosy cheek, and went about her labor.

There was a difference of eight years between the sisters. The mounds in the churchyard showed where the severed links had fallen between the sister's lives; and Martha having been old enough to feel the loss of more than one of the family circle, was a thoughtful, careful, steady girl of twenty-four. Susan, the pet of them all, and the "baby," had no remembrance of lids shut closely over soft, bright eyes, and was gay and full of song.

Along in the forenoon of this memorable day, with a pail upon her arm, Sue had crossed the road to bring some cool water from a spring adjoining; on her return to the highway, she had been both surprised and delighted, like all young girls might have been, to observe a pack peddlar coming up the rise. She would have hurried forward to apprise Martha of the interesting fact, but he was too nearly abreast of her.

He accosted her in a bland tone, and came up the lane with her to the house.

Tiger had been howling and raging all the morning because his master had tied him up so that he could not follow the carriage and fall into bad company in the city, and he just threw up his head on the approach of Sue and the stranger, and nearly strangled himself in the strength of his wrath, to think every one else could be astir but himself. Susan gave him a scolding, and finally, slapped his rebellious ears to quiet him.

The girls, delighted with the finery exhibited to their view, made some trifling purchases. He then exhibited some jewelry; and Martha holding the jet ear-drops against her sister's neck, declared that she would purchase these for a birth-day present—at which Sue, delighted, clapped her hands and called Martha a score of pet names.

The piercing black eyes of the peddlar looked on delighted. By-and-by, finding that they were to buy nothing more, he gathered up his traps, strapped his pack upon his back, and went over the hill.

"Dear me!" said volatile Sue, "I should like to know what Anna Mar will purchase; one of those sweet lace collars, I will warrant; she is such a dainty thing." Then hanging her pendants in her ears, the giddy girl danced about the room in childish glee.

Well, the short, sweet September day, murmurous with insect voices, gathered its flaming garments down the western slopes, and gradually sank along the shining shore of eve.

Heaven must be lending us a foretaste of itself in the wide, sweet country. The swelling hills, the valleys lying cool between, the dim, perspective views of mountain, wood, and river, hung with a canopy of purple mistiness, the feathered voyagers on the airy sea above, the sweet scents, the nameless murmurs—all so delightful. However, a doleful squeak of the striding pen opens the valves, and our descent to every-day life is rapid.

The night was really too lovely to leave outside, but then a forcible argument presented itself to practical Martha Goodwin. They were alone, with only some chimney tops in sight miles off, and the nearest neighbor living out of sight three-quarters of a mile away.

She went around herself and closed doors and windows; and saw that the out-houses were fastened. "But, Tiger," she said, coming to his kennel, "it seems to me will hear better and watch full as well outside in the night," so she slipped off his chain, gave him his supper and left him in his kennel. All this done she returned to find Sue in the midst of fire-kindling upon the miniature hearth in the little room which they had fitted up for a bed-room. But before settling down for the evening, Martha with a strange freak which she, at the time, could not have explained, went again outside and descending the steps of an outside cellarway, peeped cautiously within. It was the very disused cellar under their temporary sleeping room. She went in and looked at the prop that, braced from the stones beneath to the floor above, held the famous or rather infamous and hingeless door in place.

Farmer Goodwin, with the proverbial carelessness of many well-intentioned men, deserved to tumble through the gap for leaving it in so shiftless a manner. The western light pouring in through the open doorway showed the cellar untenanted. Martha drew the door close and padlocked it on the outside. She came back, as she thought, to enjoy the evening, but someway her mental mercury had fallen since sunset to an alarming degree. On the other hand, Susan was as talkative as a 'chicken, gossipping in the liveliest manner, and building pictures in the small fire, whose flames did great things in the way of leaping up the flue.

"Now you observe that brand," she ran on, "that is Don Pedro, home from Palestine. With battle-ax raised he threatens the skull of his opponent—that andiron—Sir Hilda-brand would be a proper name for him, and—see they are about to charge. Look, Martha, look—laugh!" This dissatisfied expression was called forth by the sudden crack, crack of the heated bark, which routed the air knights and sent up scores of rockets.

A laugh followed this failure. The bark continued to snap, and Sue declared that the little people were firing in platoons; and the hissing of the sap was the bursting of mines. So she followed up her airy fancy, and Martha laughed, but felt as if she should suffocate with some pressure upon her soul for which she could not account. As the pleasant evening wore on, she caught herself listening involuntarily for some sound which she, unconsciously, expected. The night grew still and stiller as nights in the country do. What few people had been from home returned early in the evening. She ventured, holding her breath all the time, as we do in expectation of a lightning flash during a tempest, to push up the sash and look out.

Everything was still, save the faint echoes of dogs barking in the distance, and the droning of one or two scavenger beetles working at their trade in the darkness. Tiger must be on the steps, for she heard him move and scrape one paw, dog fashion, down the door, as if asking to come in with a strange persistency. She spoke to him, and said that he was better off out there.

He yawned with a strange sound, hustled about a moment, and then lay down. Just then there is no doubt but that the girl would have given a large fortune if a neighbor had chanced to enter. But as the evening passed on with no sound outside unusual, she shook off her forebodings and laughed at Susan's prattle.

Directly the playful little kitten, which had slept on a chair for hours, began frisking about with Martha's ball of yarn. Its wild pranks at last so won upon her spirits, that tossing her knitting aside, she sat down upon the hearth-rug, prepared to give light battle to the little creature. The kitten grew wild with delight; it leaped upon her shoulder, it clung to her sleeve, it fell back upon the rug with wide open jaws, and the girl catching the mischievous thing in her hands, rolled over with it upon the floor. As she did so, her foot and ankle pushed under the white frill of the counterpane. A thunderbolt could not have given her so great a shock as she received from the soles of her feet to the crown of her head.

There was a robber in the house, and not a yard from them, *under the bed*, for her foot had touched something that yielded to the pressure and noiselessly moved away.

That she did not shriek and thus immediately terminate their fate was due to her tongue remaining paralyzed until thought, like lightning, flashed through her mind. She resumed her frolic with the kitten, which for a moment only had been interrupted, although she was well aware that even then her head was doubtless in near proximity to the ruffian's pistol. She dared not arise to her feet and confront her sister until she had rubbed a tinge of color into her ashy face.

It is quite impossible to attempt to tell of the thoughts that trooped through her brain during the next moment.

Was death inevitable? Mercy at least for her beautiful young sister—and her parents returning to die broken-hearted at their children's fate. It was the dreadful peddlar; and oh! what should she do? What *could* she do? How could she warn her nervous, excitable sister? Gradually she came up to a sitting posture, and then to her feet, all the while rattling away to the kitten. If Susan should notice her face and remark upon it, they were lost. She carelessly took a position by her sister's side, and then looked to the opposite wall to see if the dancing firelight betrayed their positions. Happily it did not. She then managed to move a chair noisily about the hearth, and with the other hand over Susan's mouth, placed her lips close to her ear and whispered: "In the name of God, sister, make no outcry, but do just as I bid you, or we shall both be murdered."

For an instant the young creature struggled to give utterance to a cry, but the fall of the chair drowned the noise, and a glance into Martha's white face and terror-dilated eyes held her spell-bound. The next moment she sat stiff and frozen in her chair, while the sister remarked upon the racket which she had made, and tossing the kitten at Susan, told her to play with it while she got another handful of pitchknots.

Susan felt that she was dying, but Martha still looking at the wall to see if the shadows betrayed her, shook her sister gently by the shoulders, and pointing to the small pet, motioned for her to talk to it.

For upon that vital moment the only plan of salvation had dawned upon her mind—a plan—but could it be accomplished?

Swift as thought a petition went up to that Being whom, in our safer moments, we are apt to forget.

Martha's thought was, could her sister retain composure for a brief time, not knowing from whither the danger threatened to come. But the younger girl, always relying upon Martha's superior judgment, knew full well that she was not being deserted, and strove to talk incessantly to her pet.

From the position of the substance against which Martha's foot had struck, she knew that the robber hugged close to the wall, but could she accomplish her project in time?

As she ran out-doors, she allowed Tiger to go into the entry—no further.

Expecting every instant to hear her sister cry murder, she took the padlock key from her pocket and unlocked the cellar door. Stepping inside with the axe in hand, with one blow she knocked the trap-door prop away, and still retaining her axe, tossed it outside, and dashing for the stairway, hauled the heavy double-plank door in place, put the tongue of the padlock into the staple and locked it. Then dashing in at the door, she called Tiger after her, and sprang into the room where Susan sat, more frightened at the noise of the falling door than she had been at the horrible whisper.

With a howl the huge dog tore under the bed. Then, and not until then, did there come the sound of a leap or fall below. He had evidently caught by the edge as the door fell under him, but at the howl of the dog had loosed his hold.

"Quick, Susan! Quick! Help me to haul out the bedstead, so that I can guard the aperture while you run and arouse Mr. Durgan and the boys!" was the brave girl's whisper.

"Oh, Martha—oh, Martha!" cried the terrified girl.

"Run—run! No time is to be lost! and pushing her trembling sister towards the door, Martha returned to a dark corner, while the dog crouching ready for a spring, whined his impatience at restraint.

The fire died down, and strange shadows leaped and fought upon the walls. The man in the cellar battered the small door with the prop, but it would not yield.

He then sought to stand the prop against the aperture, so as to ascend by means of it, but it was too short, and there were no loose stones which he could pile up to rest it upon. He threatened and swore, and finally fired his pistol through the opening in the floor, hoping, at least, to kill the dog, which at every separate attempt of the ruffian to leap up, uttered a warning and savage growl.

Martha wisely spoke no word, but with nerves like sinews of steel, cowered among the shadows axe in hand. Soon there was the sound of running feet outside, and farmer Durgan and his sturdy sons and hired man were on the scene of action.

"Oh Martha! is Martha killed?" panted Susan, rushing in with them.

For answer, she was clasped in her sister's arms. A few moments' consultation followed.

"I'm not going to wait here like a cat by a mouse-hole," said impetuous Jem Durgan. "Tie up some pitchwood into a torch—there that burns good; dump it into the cellar. Now, here goes," and club in hand, Jem was through the opening. A pistol shot revealed the direction in which to look for the robber: but with a wolfish snarl, the huge dog had leaped down, and had the man by the throat.

"A nigger, by the powers!" bawled Jem, knocking the rascal's pistol from his hand, as the dog floored him.

The other men were through the opening in no time, and two of them with difficulty pinioned the fellow's arms, while they called the dog from his throat.

"He's safe," called farmer Durgan; "come down outside and let us up, Martha." In before the replenished fire they laid the now insensible robber, and Susan creeping upon tiptoe stared wildly upon his black visage. They then speculated that he had entered the open window before nightfall, while the girls were milking the cows. Only Martha's brave and rapid actions had saved them, for the midnight robber is an assassin, if need be. Well, he would be housed for a term of years, sure; but the dog, why had he not given a sign of danger?

The hair dropping back from the villain's neck, showed white skin behind the ears. Subsequently a bowl of water and a towel revealed the astounding fact that it was a neighbor, one of the very men who a week or two before, had paid farmer Goodwin the two thousand dollars, and this accounted for the dog's giving no alarm.

Recounting it over, farmer Goodwin exclaimed to his wife—

"What if that trap-door had been fastened!"

☞ A country editor who was threatened with the cry of "Stop my paper," because his course did not suit some of his subscribers, thus replied:

We do not belong to our patrons;
Our paper is wholly our own;
Whoever may like it may take it,
Who don't can just let it alone.

☞ A Canada editor says he has "a keen rapier to prick all fools and knaves." His friends, if they are prudent, will take it from him. He might commit suicide.

☞ A disorderly person in Rochester, claimed exemption from arrest the other night, on the ground that he was "the driver of the small-pox express." His claim was promptly allowed by the officer. This is a new use to which the epidemic can be put.

A FREE TRANSLATION.

Tom (anxious to learn.)—"'*Nisi Dominus, frustra*'—what does that mean, William?"

William (who boasts of a University education.)—"Well, you see '*Nisi*' means one thing, '*Dominus*' means another, but I'm blessed if I know what '*frustra*' means."

Answers to Correspondents.

Additions to Clubs.—A correspondent asks "If additions can be made to clubs at the same rate." Yes.

To Contributors.—All manuscripts sent to us should have the price marked upon them if any is desired. Writers of no literary reputation should be satisfied at first if a good field is afforded them to display their talents and gain a name. We do not guarantee the safe return of manuscript, but endeavor to return it safely when desired, and when the requisite stamps are sent. Articles may be good of their kind, and not be suitable for our purposes. Experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their articles prompt attention.

Do not write to us asking whether you shall send on your manuscripts for examination—but send them on at once

Johnson, (Carbondale, Pennsylvania,) says: "I have been reading a statement about dapsa, which gives just information enough to make me anxious for more. I will be thankful if you will inform me on one point. What is the custom in Japan in regard to giving names? If you will be kind enough to answer this I will not trouble you at present with any more questions." Their mode of naming is very different from ours. Every child on reaching the age of thirty days is taken to the temple, where the ceremony of naming is performed in presence of one of the *bonzes* or priests. The father writes three names on a slip of paper, which he hands to the priest, who copies the names on separate bits of paper. He then, with an appeal to the deity of the temple, casts the slips into the air, and that which reaches the floor first gives the name to the child. This name is written by the priest on a slip of blessed paper, which is worn as a talisman throughout the life of the newly-named person. It is also written in the books of the temple, whose priests never lose sight of its owner during his life. This, however, is but the first name. Up attaining his majority, at fifteen years of age, he is given a second name. A third name is given him when married. If he should obtain a public office, he takes with it a fourth name. At every successive promotion a new name is added. Strangest of all, still another name is given him after death, which is cut on his tombstone, and by which he is known to posterity.

E. S. (Otego, New York,) asks: "Was the Tale of Two Cities, by Dickens, ever published in the Post? if so, in what year? My aunt who has been a reader of the Post for many years, tells me that it never was, but I am confident that I have seen a copy of the Post containing a few chapters of that story." We cannot, at this remote date, speak positively in regard to the matter, and have not time to examine our back files, but think that you are right.

R. P. (Tiffin, Ohio,) writes; "Did Congress recently pass an act granting to all our colleges certain models? 2. If so, what are the models, and how can they be obtained?" We have heard of no such act.

B. V. M. L. (Media, Pa.) writes: "I have been thinking about writing to you for some time and troubling you with a couple of questions. 1st. Is not the Earth nearer the Sun in winter than in summer; and if it is, about how much? 2d. What is Queen Victoria's last name? By answering you will greatly oblige a reader of your paper." The Earth is nearer the Sun during winter in the northern hemisphere than during summer, the difference being about two millions of miles. Queen Victoria was christened Alexandrina Victoria. She is the daughter of Mary Louisa Victoria, and of Edward, Duke of Kent, son of George III. She belongs to the House of Brunswick.

Country Girl (Dalton, Ga.,) writes: "I am a reader of the Post, and like it very much. I hope you will not think me ignorant, for I live in the country, and never see any learned people, and don't get many books to read. I would like you to tell me who Apollo is? And also, who Cleopatra was? And was not Shakspeare a great poet? Is is proper for a young lady to take her hat off when she meets the new minister from the city? And lastly, do you think it right for a girl of twenty-five to marry a boy of nineteen, if she can get no older husband? And I won't trouble you any more for a long time." Apollo is no more. He was one of the superior Grecian Gods, devoted to music, celebrated for beauty, great in warlike achievements; known otherwise as Sol, the Sun, of which he was really a deification. Cleopatra was the daughter of Ptolemy Auletes, King of Egypt. She was deprived of the crown by her guardian, but succeeded in winning the love of Julius Cæsar, who replaced her on the throne. After his death she captivated Mark Antony. She finally tried her arts on the Emperor Augustus; but failing to win him, she put herself to death by permitting an asp to bite her—so as to prevent being made to figure in a Roman triumph. Shakspeare was a great poet, the greatest of English, and, as many think, the greatest of all poets. There is no more occasion for a lady to take off her hat to a minister than to a layman. Etiquette requires nothing of the sort. Finally, in the peculiar case you mention, we will graciously permit you to take the boy of nineteen—but could not give our consent to such a match except under these very peculiar circumstances.

A Philadelphia Friend, writes: "Will you please inform an old subscriber whether a Protestant Sisterhood now exists in Philadelphia, and if so, on what conditions ladies are allowed to become members? All the information you can give on this subject will be thankfully received." There is such a Sisterhood, known as the "Bishop Potter Memorial Society." By addressing this institution you can obtain a circular fully descriptive of its purposes.

L. L. (Bleak Hill,) writes: "I avail myself of the Correspondents' Column, to seek information on a subject, which, no doubt, has puzzled stronger minds than mine. During the remarkably dry season which preceded this rather severe and extremely disagreeable winter, most of the wells and springs in this part of the country were dried up. That can be readily accounted for—but the mystery I wish you to solve is this—The experiment has been tried by different persons in this county, of pouring several barrelsful of water into their wells; and in each instance, the dried-up fountains begun to flow afresh, and in a few days well water was as plentiful with them as before the drought. I do not exactly understand the philosophy of it—but they say, this added water seeks out the veins in the earth, and thus, I suppose, there is a mutual attraction. Please give us your opinion. Also, can you tell me what is the cause of the yellow spots which sometimes appear on the hand, known as 'death mole?' what is the origin of the name, and the superstition connected with it, as betokening death? I hope I may not be trespassing too much on your time and patience, by requesting a reply." Our correspondent does not inform us in what state Bleak Hill is situated, otherwise we might be disposed to call the attention of some of our scientists to the phenomenon mentioned. However, as she does not claim personal knowledge of the fact, she must excuse our doubting its occurrence under precisely the conditions she gives. If the veins of water were open to the surface, the water would flow without exterior application. If not open, we do not see how pouring water into the well could help the matter. Cases of this kind, when scientifically examined, often present important conditions quite neglected in the ordinary descriptions. The yellow spots referred to are, probably, an indication of serious derangement of the liver, and an excess of bile in the system. Death may result in some cases from this derangement, and thus the idea that they are a sign of death may have arisen. As the bearer of them does not generally die, it may thus have become considered a sign of death in the family.

No Name (Butler, Ind.) says: "I am induced to propose two or three questions. 1st. What is the meaning of the sailor's phrase, 'Boxing the Compass?' 2d. How is the word, used for 'tent,' in the story 'On the Red Frontiers,' pronounced? 3d. Is not the author in that story mistaken when he speaks of Pine and Hemlock as growing along the Manmee river? I never knew there was any grew there." "Boxing the Compass" means repeating the thirty-two points of the mariner's compass in their regular succession. The word "Boxing" is said to be derived from the Spanish term, "Boxar," meaning to sail round. We do not remember the word meaning tent, which you refer to, unless it be Maranee. This word is pronounced Mar-kee, with the accent on the last syllable. As for our authors being mistaken, such a thing is not supposable. If they say that pine and hemlock grow on the Maumee, no doubt pine and hemlock do grow on the Maumee—of their imagination; or did grow there at the time of which they write. You cannot expect them to take long journeys to find if this world agrees in all particulars with the world of their imagination—though accuracy, even in the smallest things, is no doubt very desirable.

Subscriber (Twin Lakes, Iowa) writes: "Will you please answer the following questions through your welcome paper, 'The Post?' 1st. Where can books written in phonetic characters be obtained? 2d. What is the botanical name of the basswood or lime tree? 3d. Has there been a French ruler, Napoleon, since Napoleon Bonaparte I. and previous to the late Louis Napoleon III.? If not, why is he called Napoleon III.? The history I have access to speaks of none. 4th. What is All Hallow-e'en, and when kept? I trust I have not trespassed on your patience." You will have to inquire of the booksellers in relation to works in phonetic characters. There are various such works published which you will probably have no difficulty in obtaining. The basswood, or American lime tree, is known to botanists as the Tilia Americana. There has been no French ruler known as Napoleon II. The title is a fiction of the friends of the Bonaparte dynasty and of Napoleon III. that the throne was not vacant between Napoleon I. and himself. To establish this they they dub the son of the first Napoleon, Emperor of France, though the poor boy spent his life in a state of quasi imprisonment in Austria. Hallowe'en is the evening preceding All Hallows, or All Saints day, which occurs on the 1st of November. In the Scotch superstition the witches, fairies, imps, and all that class of people, hold annual holiday on that evening.

E. E. S., (Centre, Mich.,) says: "Will you be so kind as to give me an answer to the following: As this is leap year, if a lady should offer herself to accompany a gentleman home from a party, what should he say? And if she did accompany him home, would it be etiquette to offer her his protection to accompany her to her home in return?" He might say that his mother did not approve of his keeping company with ladies, and might refer her to his maternal parent for an answer. If the lady should be one in whose company he could feel himself safe, he might dispense with this important preliminary, and modestly accept her offer. In the second case it would undoubtedly be etiquette for him to offer his protection to her on her return. And then leap year politeness would require that she should see him home again. And again, etiquette would require that he should accompany her back. But it seems to us that there would have to be a breach either of politeness or leap year etiquette somewhere, or the two would become like Mahomet's coffin, vibrating forever between earth and Heaven, and as incapable of coming to real anywhere as the man with the celebrated patent cork leg.

(Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.)

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 59 letters.
My 42, 2, 7, 23, 40, 31, was one of the Apostles.
My 56, 43, 24, 55, 58, 3, 17, was the capital of Israel.
My 5, 4, 11, 23, is a wilderness.
My 29, 10, 28, 46, 51, 1, 35, 32, 22, 24, was one of the ancient fathers.
My 48, 30, 13, 34, 45, 26, 55, 19, 53, was an Israelite without guile.
My 18, 27, 16, 14, 54, 9, was a linen garment worn by bishops.
My 38, 25, 39, 37, 21, 59, 6, 49, signifies venerable, deserving respect.
My 20, 3, 16, 42, 15, is a number.
My 44, 50, 41, 8, 54, 58, is one of the seasons.
My 52, 57, 53, 52, 47, 33, is a raised desk.
My 35, 12, 53, 59, is a word signifying festival.
My whole is a verse from one of the Psalms.

RIDDLE.

I'm heard in the thunder, I'm seen in the hail—
I'm found in the whirlwind, but not in the gale.
In the lightning's bright flash, in the hurricane's roar;
Though not in the ocean, I'm seen on the shore.
In the hut of the peasant, the home of the gay—
Though living in death, I know not decay,
Though unknown to time, I die in an hour—
Though I stay with the mighty, I dwell not in power.

W. H. MORROW.
Manor Station, Pa.

WORD SQUARE.

To make mad.
To happen.
A celebrated magician, daughter of Aetus, King of Colchis.
Near.
Lonely—melancholy.
Philadelphia. LITTLE CHARLEY.

DIOPHANTINE PROBLEM.

There is a series of integer right angled triangles whose hypothenuses exceed their bases by unity only; calling the one whose sides are 3, 4, 5, the *first* triangle, it is required to find the sides of the 100th triangle. ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Erie, Erie Co., Pa.
☞ An Answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

A man lends his fortune at 4 per cent. interest. After he had let it remain 2 years he drew out the fourth part of the amount, and allowed the remainder to stand 7 months. At the expiration of this time, he took once more the fourth part of the remainder, and allowed the capital thus diminished to stand 13 months, when he demanded his remaining fortune.

It was now found that he had drawn $6291,96¼ of interest money.

What was his fortune at first?

Will some of the "Riddlers" please send me the solution of the above?

W. H. MORROW.
Manor Station, Pa.

A BOOT QUESTION.

A correspondent sends us the following, and says:

"Dear Sir—Will you have the kindness to answer the following question through your columns. It is the *old boot question*, and an answer from you will settle dispute:—A man buys of a shoemaker a pair of boots for $5. He gave him a $50 bill—but the shoemaker not having the change, called on a neighbor to change it for him—giving the purchaser $45 and the boots. Soon after the neighbor discovered that the $50 bill was a counterfeit, and returning the same to the shoemaker, received $50 in good money for it. Now how much money did the shoemaker lose in the transaction?"

☞ An answer is requested.

G. W. KALER.
Craigville, Orange Co., N. Y.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When is rain favorable to haymaking? When it rains pitchforks.

☞ What flower most resembles a bull's mouth? A cow's-lip.

☞ Why is the word goggle like the language of a teamster? Because it's half ga. (Geese.)

☞ Why is a statue like potatoes and corn? Because having eyes it sees not; having ears it hears not.

☞ Why is a piece of railroad iron like an Indian path through a forest? Because it is a T-rail.

☞ When do you use your friends the same as you do potatoes? When you s-team (esteem) them.

☞ We will take great pleasure in publishing the obituary notice of the person who furnishes the following conundrum: "Why is a broken harp like an untruthful person? Because it is a blasted lyre."

ANSWERS TO LAST.

WORD SQUARE—

MEDAL
EARLY
DRUID
ALIBI
LYDIA

RECEIPTS.

A Delicious Soup for Lent.—Peel and slice six large onions, six potatoes, six carrots, and four turnips; fry them in half a pound of butter, and pour on them four quarts of boiling water. Toast a crust of bread as brown and hard as possible, but do not burn it, and put it in, with some celery, sweet herbs, white pepper, and salt. Stew it all gently for four hours, and then strain it through a coarse cloth. Have ready thinly-sliced carrot, celery, and a little turnip. Add them to your liking, and stew them tender in the soup. If approved of, a spoonful of tomato catsup may be added.

To Broil Shad.—Fresh shad is better to be sprinkled with salt an hour before it is put to broil; put a plate over the top to keep the heat in. In broiling shad or other fresh fish you should dust them with corn meal before you put them down.

To Fry Fresh Fish.—Have the fish well scalded, washed, and drained; cut slits in the sides of each; season them with salt and pepper, and roll them in corn flour; have in your frying-pan hot lard or bacon drippings; dip them in egg before frying.

An Orange Pudding.—Make a light paste, and roll it out to the extent you require it. Take your oranges; slice them with the rinds on, removing carefully the pips or seeds from the pulp. Place a layer of fruit, well-sugared, within one side of the paste and turn it over the fruit, and repeat the same course until the whole of the slices are disposed of. Fold the paste up at each end, so as to secure the syrup. Boil it in a pudding-cloth.